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THE NEW

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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE Downing Street discussions have produced a plan which looks promising, though there are some big "ifs" about it. It is based on a double concession—the concession, substantially if not absolutely, of Germany's demand for equality, and of France's demand for greater security. It supplements, or makes more precise, the provisions of the Locarno Treaty in regard to aerial aggression, and it contains, what Locarno did not, a guarantee of assistance to this country from other Powers, in case we should be attacked. Though most Englishmen regard that as a remote contingency, and our isolationists refuse to include it in their calculations, the guarantee may nevertheless be important. But the prime object of the plan, of course, is to abate the danger from Germany, by making her a party to a pact which will at once satisfy her pride and prevent her from misusing it. This pact signed by Great Britain, France, Germany, Belgium and Italy, would safeguard peace in the West, and it would be complemented by a similar arrangement on the Eastern side, which would follow, it is hoped, as part of a "general settlement freely negotiated between Germany and other Powers."

Prospects of the Air Pact

The plan has had a good reception in Western Europe, except naturally in Lord Beaverbrook's organs. France has been cock-a-hoop over it. But we need not be disturbed by talk of the "French triumph," for the proposal after all represents a fair bargain. We agree to commit ourselves a little further in support of the principle of collective security, though we do not yet know what is to be the criterion of an "unprovoked attack" which will bring our air force into "immediate" action. The French yield to our insistence on recognising German re-armament as a *fait accompli*. Nor have we committed ourselves, as has been suggested in some quarters, to an air alliance with France, regardless of whether Germany comes in or not. Belgium is quite content; Italy approves in principle, though she wants to know more about the exact scope of the air convention before she is ready to join in it herself. But what of the German attitude, on which everything depends? It appears on the whole to be favourable. There is a section of opinion which would apparently like Germany to go on her own defiant and independent way; but this does not seem to be the view of Herr Hitler and his Government, and we may assume that the project is being examined seriously in Berlin. If they are prepared to negotiate on it, it may be the prelude to a new disarmament conference, and the return of Germany to the League.

Fears in Eastern Europe

But the "cautious optimism" of the West gives place to fears and anxieties in Eastern Europe. The Russians and the Czechs suspect that Germany, having come to terms with France, will direct her attention to them.

And France, it is suggested, having thus secured her own safety, will cool in her ardour for an "Eastern Locarno," which is a stumbling-block to Germany as well as to Poland; she may even seek additional security by encouraging German designs on the Soviet Union. We hesitate, without more evidence than we have got, to credit the French with such a degree of cynicism and stupidity. Nor is it clear that Germany is so bitten with Herr Rosenberg's doctrines as to be spoiling for a fight with Russia. It would be a formidable adventure for her as for the rest of us. In any case, we must go on the assumption that the new plan is not a Machiavellian trick, but a genuine effort to bring the Germans back into the way of sanity and to strengthen the whole system of collective security. Doubtless it has its risks, but it is worth making. The only alternative is for us all to arm ourselves to the teeth, and go rapidly to the devil.

Japanese Diplomacy

Fears of any further Japanese offensive on the Jehol border have now been set at rest—for the moment at least—by the terms of peace concluded last Saturday. According to reports from Tokio the terms include an apology from China and a promise to be good in future. This did not, however, prevent the Chinese delegate from declaring the agreement to be a "very satisfactory chapter in Sino-Japanese relations." Meanwhile the discussions at Nanking have thrown a little more light on those relations. Chiang Kai-shek protests that, as a faithful disciple of Sun Yat-sen, he is no enemy of Japan. But he complains, as Sun Yat-sen did, of Japan's aggressive and imperialistic policy. The Japanese, as usual, pretend they have no sinister intentions; they blame all the trouble on to the anti-Japanese propaganda and the boycott in China—though these are obviously the effect and not the cause of Japan's behaviour. But the diplomats of Tokio have a very promising game. They hold two strong cards in their hand. One is Chiang Kai-shek's fear of his own Communists. The other is the reluctance of Europe and America—which the history of the past few years has made plain to every Chinese—to protect China against aggression. The Western Powers will talk big, but they will do nothing. In the circumstances the Japanese may have good hopes of persuading China that "Codlin's your friend, not Short."

Labour and the New Deal

American Labour is again getting restive. The New Deal has so far failed almost entirely to fulfil the hopes held out by it of the recognition of the rights of free association and collective bargaining. The American Federation of Labour has still only about three million paid-up members, or perhaps five millions, including the unemployed who have ceased to pay their dues. The "company unions," run by the big employers, are said to have as many as ten millions. Of course, if the right to combine were really recognised, there would be an immediate and startling change in these figures. But the N.R.A. under Mr. Richberg, on whom General Johnson's mantle has fallen, shows no desire to come to grips with Big Business over the Trade Union issue; and the automobile code has just been renewed without any concessions to the Union claims. The Unions are now demanding higher wages and full recognition, and also representation on the code authorities under the N.R.A. There are rumours of strikes in the big industries, and even if the Trade Unions are not strong enough to carry them into effect, there is undoubtedly a growing mass of discontent with which the President will have to reckon. At present he is trying to buy it off with his new measures for social services and "work relief" in preference to risking a battle with American capitalism, on which he relies to bring about business recovery. But in the long run it is certain that his aspirations for a better distribution of the national income will not be realised without a greater increase in labour bargaining power, such as only more effective Trade Union organisation can achieve.

The Sugar-beet Scandal

The sugar-beet subsidy has been allowed this week to swallow another million of the taxpayers' money—with an indication that there will soon be a demand for still more. This fantastic subsidy—for the entire sugar-beet industry is on an uneconomic basis—has already used up £47,000,000, a good deal of which has gone to benefit not the farmer, but the factory industry which works up the beet into sugar. If there were infinite sums to play with in aid of agriculture, this outpouring of public money might not matter; but in relation to what has been achieved by it the position is grotesque. The sugar we get expensively from home-grown beet could be secured far more cheaply from West Indian or Mauritius cane; and the £47,000,000 we have spent could, if we wanted to help the farmer, have been spent to far better advantage in a dozen other ways. When the subsidy was first put on, it was announced as merely temporary, because the beet-sugar industry would soon be able to stand on its own legs. But the chance of that coming about continually recedes with rapidly improving efficiency in the cane-sugar industry—and yet the effusion of public money goes on. When once a subsidy has been given, a vested interest is soon created in its defence. Mr. Elliot, in demanding our money this week, hardly condescended to argue the case, for it is beyond argument. But the money was obediently voted—and presumably will be, for as long as this Government lasts.

Back to the Land

Mr. Stewart has issued his expected circular to local authorities in the distressed areas calling upon them for greater activity in the provision of smallholdings for the unemployed. The Commissioner is prepared both to advance working capital for such holdings and to make supplementary grants to the local authorities over and above those payable by the Ministry of Agriculture. In addition, men settled under the scheme can continue for a period to draw allowances from the Unemployment Assistance Board, and Mr. Stewart is prepared to make grants or loans towards the provision of working capital. It appears, then, that a real attempt is to be made, as the chief of the Commissioner's activities under the recent Act, to settle more workers on the land. The question is whether the unemployed men settled in this way will have a reasonable chance of maintaining themselves and their families at a tolerable standard of life. If they are skilled agricultural workers, capable of producing specialised high-grade foodstuffs, perhaps they will—where they are settled on really good land in close proximity

to a suitable market. But there is a grave danger that the desire to get men off the " dole " and on to the land may lead to placing unsuitable settlers on unsuitable land, or without proper facilities for marketing their produce. The scheme, therefore, needs very careful watching and supervision, if it is not merely to condemn a number of unemployed workers to loss of benefit claims and to an exceedingly low and precarious standard of living. Above all, there is need for the most careful selection of settlers and of land for settlement, and for really adequate preliminary training for men without much previous agricultural experience.

Eggs and their Cost

The Reorganisation Commission for Eggs and Poultry, whose report is just published, make no bones about the effects of raising consumers' prices. They state bluntly that, if producers want higher returns and expanded markets, they can only secure them by reducing distributive costs, and they propose drastic measures for reorganising methods of assembly and distribution. Eggs—and later poultry—are to be assembled and graded through a national chain of packing stations with organised collection areas ; distribution to the wholesale and retail trades is to be effected through a clearing-house system ; wholesale prices which will effectively clear the supply are to be prescribed from week to week ; and the fixing of prices related to costs of production or other arbitrary basis is condemned. Co-ordination of existing marketing Boards and an inquiry into wholesale and retail distribution of selected food trades are advocated. How far these proposals will recommend themselves to the poultry industry has yet to be seen ; but whatever its fate the Commission's Report can hardly fail to have wide influence. It faces abruptly the need to reduce distributive costs and it goes as far as is possible, under existing legislation, to provide for such reductions. But it leaves a clear impression that an attempt to deal with distributive problems on a much wider front cannot long be delayed, if the Government's whole programme of agricultural reconstruction is not to collapse.

The Wavertree Election

Wavertree is a nasty shock for the Government. This split in the Conservative ranks has given Labour the seat for the first time, and Mr. Cleary has the satisfaction of adding more than 2,000 to the peak vote of his Party in 1929. His winning cards were the Means Test (the Government's climb down has not calmed public feeling on this, as Wednesday's affair in Sheffield showed), and the policy of peace. The Liberal cut a poor figure, and forfeited his deposit. The significant thing, of course, was Mr. Randolph Churchill's high poll. No doubt his personality rather than his politics accounted for a good many votes, for he is a very agreeable young man. But 10,000 Tory rebels in a supposedly " safe constituency " is a grim omen for the National Government. It is not merely that the Die-hard resistance to the India Bill will be stiffened ; that, after all, will not prevent the Bill being passed. Mr. Churchill's achievement is also a sign of the widespread Conservative discontent with the National Government itself and with the Prime Minister in particular. Efforts will doubtless be made to close the ranks before the General Election, in order to avoid a *débâcle*. But how is this to be done ? If the Tory Central Office think it will be easy to " discipline " the rebels they are surely reckoning without their host.

Speed-limits

When the Traffic Act of last year was being drafted, probably nobody quite foresaw the difficulties likely to arise over the interpretation of the clause setting a speed limit in built-up areas. Local authorities have their own ideas of what are the right roads to schedule. The Ministry says by-passes do not count. Bournemouth Council, on the other hand, has just decided that the speed-limit shall be applied to every road in the Borough, including by-pass and through roads. Some by-passes are so dangerous and congested that they would seem on any logical basis of assessment to qualify for a limit. But the need of a speed-limit for by-passes is a pretty comment on ribbon development. What will the effect on traffic of a 30-mile limit be ? If all vehicles in the control points were to proceed at an undeviating 27–30 m.p.h., without any overtaking, traffic would flow quite freely. But how can they ? It is in built-up areas that the biggest variety of types of vehicle and of speed occur. It will be surprising if the drivers of high-powered cars with rapid acceleration do not use them, at least for overtaking, in defiance of the law. Will there then be wholesale prosecutions, still further congesting the courts, or will the regulation be ignored, as it used to be ? And what of that shabby device, the speed-trap ? There is already a limit for heavy vehicles, and this week we read of wholesale trapping in Warwickshire by the silent control method, which a defending barrister described as " a pernicious system now in its infancy."

A Coming of Age

There has just been published in Stoke-on-Trent a pamphlet (*The History of Tunstall Tutorial Class*, edited by J. A. Mack, Eardley, Stoke-on-Trent), which records a remarkable achievement—the twenty-first birthday of Tunstall Tutorial Class under the W.E.A. For twenty-one years, war or no war, slump or no slump, this class has been continuously absorbing knowledge. Its personnel has naturally changed a good deal ; but quite a number of the original students are still there, having learnt in this good slice of a lifetime one branch after another of economics, economic history and, latterly, psychology and philosophy. Incidentally, they have not been a self-centred group of students, but have gone out both to form classes in neighbouring areas and to play a very active part in the Trade Union, municipal and religious life of the district. After twenty-one years they feel entitled to celebrate their achievement ; and this pamphlet is the result—a most interesting sidelight on the sort of work the Workers' Educational Association has been doing, if in a less spectacular way, at countless centres all over the country. These Tutorial Classes are no mere matter of listening to a lecturer talk. They involve hard work and, at any rate in the North, they are taken seriously. Every University collaborates with the W.E.A. in running them nowadays ; and they are by no means the least valuable part of the Universities' present work.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. The postage on this issue is : Inland, 1d. ; Foreign, 1½d. ; Canada, 1d.

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

THE National Government has suffered two serious blows. The first was the discovery that the new regulations of the Unemployed Assistance Board were such as to create a revolutionary temper. Though the Government press made every effort to hide the intensity and the universality of the protest against the operation of the new rules, the evidence produced by Members of Parliament and admitted by the Board itself was overwhelmingly strong. The Cabinet had no alternative but to make a complete *volte face*, to admit a blunder, to cancel the new scales, to pay the old scales or more where increases had been awarded and to ask for time for a new inquiry. What happens next is not very clear. It is idle to say that the principle of the Bill remains if the deductions from the principle cannot ever again be accepted. Whether the family means test as we have known it under the National Government can be reimposed is doubtful. Certainly the scales will have to be largely modified; it will be impossible to justify and reinstate the system by which the larger the family the more is deducted from its allowance because of the relatively small proportion of its rent to its allowance. The Board's central objective—a uniform standard for the country—now seems unobtainable and the idea that you could "take unemployment out of politics" must be completely abandoned.

Surely it is clear that Parliament cannot help active intervention in what is and what always has been the central issue of politics—the division of the national income between different classes of the community. That is what politics is mainly about. As an issue it was peculiarly clear in 1931 when Labour's refusal to cut the dole destroyed the capitalist's confidence in the security of his own system. But even the National Government which was formed to cut the dole saw it as an unpleasant necessity, and agreed that it was absurd to fail to provide a respectable standard of living for every one in a world of potential plenty and infinite waste. What could be justified in crisis is unjustifiable even to the Conservative politician in comparative prosperity. With rioting threatened and an election in the offing the Government spokesmen are driven to be able to give way to their own more generous and humane instincts. They had not meant to cut unemployment relief again. They did so unintentionally. They admit their blunder. But the results of so remarkable a blunder do not end with admitting it. It is politically damaging as a sign of incapacity and, ultimately more important, it suggests that whatever the economic difficulties of the future no Government, Conservative, National or Labour, will dare to try to save the situation by attacking the standard of living of the poorest section of the community. Another Government in the 1931 situation will have to try Socialism.

How far this blunder is responsible for the Wavertree result we would not venture to guess. That Wavertree is a really serious blow to the Government is beyond guess-work. Labour's substantial increase is no surprise; the alarming factor is not the victory of Mr. Cleary but the size of the Die-hard vote that put him at the top of the poll against a very large Conservative majority in the constituency. If this can happen in Liverpool where else can it not happen? If the wilder Conservatives can threaten to lose seat after seat to Labour, Mr. Baldwin will need even more than his consummate capacity for management to keep his team together. Wavertree is a threat to the National Government idea, a threat to Mr. MacDonald's position and a threat to the India Bill. The Government is faced with at least a possibility that Labour—certain to gain a couple of hundred seats at the next election—may actually gain enough to win a majority. Liberals helped Labour into office in 1929; Die-hards may do so even more effectively in the next election.

Conservative headquarters is clearly faced with a most troublesome situation. Failing a new idea or new personality or new diversion disaster seems inescapable. Is Mr. Baldwin still adequate? He is hated by the Die-hards; he has staked everything on the Indian settlement and his loyalty to Mr. MacDonald is unshakable. Awkward good qualities these, if the Die-hards are strong enough to defy him. What can be done to strengthen the Government? When shall they call the General Election? They may play a waiting game and hope for something to turn up before May of 1936 which, in spite of rumours, is still the favourite election date in Conservative circles.

There are, however, other possibilities. Mr. Lloyd George, and a quick election after the Jubilee celebrations, is one possibility. Mr. Garvin, the prophetic inspiration of the 1931 National Government, is straining even his remarkable powers of persuasion to induce the Conservatives to call for the New Deal and to offer its author a seat in an inner emergency Cabinet. Other sections of the press, both Liberal and Conservative, acclaim Mr. Lloyd George as the man of action, and a number of prominent Conservative politicians have expressed their general acceptance of his policy. We need not take these protestations too seriously; they reflect a realisation of the political situation rather than a change of heart. That in the past they have frequently spurned this same policy as ruinous and socialistic chicanery is not likely to trouble them, nor is it likely to trouble Mr. Lloyd George if he can get his way. He set out as a "left" new dealer, but the Labour Party have so far shown that they feared his alliance more than they valued his co-operation. His Bangor speech was more likely to be attractive to young Conservatives than to old Socialists. In these circumstances it is not surprising that rumours float about of Mr. Lloyd George's terms—that he will enter the Cabinet if Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Runciman are out of the way, or that he will only do so on the condition of a guarantee of his expansionist loan and a chance to spend it on housing and, above all, on land development. But is it possible to get such guarantees? Can Conservatives cease to be conservative? Mr. Lloyd George will not be easily caught. We shall learn in the near future whether the effect of the unemployment assistance blunder and of the wrecking intervention of Mr. Randolph Churchill at Wavertree is enough to transform Conservative policy—whether, following tradition, Mr. Baldwin will hold on and hope for the storms to blow over before next year, or whether the forces of disruption are strong enough to compel a reshuffle of personnel, a new pronouncement of activist policy and a new form of National Government.

AN IMPOSED CONSTITUTION

THE House of Commons opened its discussion of the India Bill this week in presence of the fact that Indian opinion, with an unexpected approach to unanimity, has already rejected it. It is not yet known how the vote in the All-India Legislative Assembly will go. Probably it will not be dramatic, and it may even at this historic moment reflect the wretched communal jealousies that divide Indians. The facts, however, are these. The Congress Party stands for the unqualified rejection of the entire scheme. So does the extreme Hindu Left Wing, which insists on emphasising its special dislike of the communal award. Together these two, with a few Sikhs and Moslems of "Congress" colour, constitute a majority of the elected Indian members. The Moslem view, as voiced in the resolution of Mr. Jinnah's party, is rather subtler. It likes the communal award, and no wonder. It wants some vital amendments (which it is not likely to get) in the scheme of provincial autonomy. But it roundly condemns as "bad" the whole federal plan, and wishes to begin with responsible central government in British India, leaving the Princes outside. These cross-currents of opinion may save the Government from a spectacular defeat, if it calls the official and nominated members to its aid. The fact remains that the whole mass of the elected members has recorded its hostility to the entire architectural plan of this Federation. Hindus and Moslems are agreed in rejecting its central strategical conception—the idea of calling in the Princes to neutralise Hindu democracy. They are also agreed in condemning the more reactionary features of the provincial constitutions. Where they differ, it is according to plan. We will not say that the communal award was consciously designed to divide them; enough that it was well-calculated to have that effect.

The National Government is in a position to treat this record of Indian opinion as a negligible and meaningless fact and, with its eyes open, impose a constitution upon India. It is possible and even probable that Indians can be found among the princes, the plutocrats and the wealthier lawyers to work this constitution with the aid of the communal dissensions that it aggravates. But no good will come of it. India will not be reconciled, nor can any Indian Government emerge from it capable of grappling creatively with the desperate social and economic problems of a sub-continent that is little better than a vast rural slum. Sooner or later the banked-up fires of rebellion will break out again, and then, it may be, even Tories will regret that they imposed a constitution that contains in itself no provisions for amendment.

Against this view, among Liberals and even in the Labour Party, a more tolerant view of this constitution has come to prevail. This opinion is the natural consequence of the magnificent fuss that Mr. Churchill has made. "Surely," the average Liberal reflects, "if this constitution is so distasteful to the Die-hards, it must represent a really valuable instalment of Indian freedom. Perhaps the safeguards are excessive, but after all, though a Viceroy may have these very favourable 'special powers,' one need not suppose that he will often exercise them; they will gradually lapse. Responsible government, however illusory it may be at the centre, is genuine enough in the provinces. Finally, though no Liberal can admire a propertied franchise or communal electorates, or those arrangements which give double representation to landed property and industrial capital, or the really shocking Upper Chambers of rich men armed with a veto that will hamper the legislative work of the five chief provinces, even these blemishes may be removed by Parliament after the lapse of ten years. We regret that the promise of dominion status is not embodied in the preamble, but after all this Bill does take a long step in the evolution of the Indian Dominion that must eventually come."

It would be possible to answer this cheerful view of the Bill point by point. The mischief of excessive safeguards, some of them designed to preserve the control of the City over Indian finance, is not so much that they will often be used, but that they poison the atmosphere and create revolt by suggesting distrust. A provincial governor will rarely have to use his "special powers," because his Cabinet (over which he is to preside) will never be allowed to forget that he holds them always in reserve. We believe that the necessary "safeguards" could have been secured in a much less objectionable way, if the Federal Court had been made the custodian of the positive rights of minorities, British residents and others, as defined in the constitution. Again, the provinces are not, in fact, as autonomous as they look, since they must depend on the Centre for any considerable expansion of the revenues required for the social services. Again, though the ultra-conservative provincial constitutions can be reviewed in ten years, in the interval we are handing India over to be ruled by its propertied class, and nowhere on this earth are usurers, small industrialists and wholly parasitic landlords a less enlightened crew. Finally, the failure to fix any date for the Indianisation of the army renders the hope of an early or rapid evolution towards dominion status extremely precarious.

There is, however, a consideration that in our view dwarfs every other, and forbids us to regard this Bill as an instalment of reform that one grudgingly accepts for lack of something better. The calling in of the Princes to neutralise the Hindu masses (who in any event are barely represented) was a clever stroke of imperialist statecraft. The Princes, with very few exceptions, are old-world autocrats, ultra-conservatives on every political, social, and economic question. They are notoriously in leading-strings to Simla, and yet they have the merit of looking like Indians. With only two or three exceptions their States enjoy no civil or political rights, and their representatives in the Federal Legislature will be their personal nominees. Once there they will dominate it, for with less than a quarter of the total population they will have in the Lower House a third of the voting power, and in the Upper House forty per cent. The Federation starts, therefore, with an irreducible conservative block which needs only a slight reinforcement from the over-represented propertied element of British India to dominate the peninsula for ever. Elections may be held; the provinces may send up time after time big radical contingents, but with the help of a handful of minority groups the Princes can keep property in the saddle for any period of time that need concern us.

The worst is still to come. The provisions for representation in the provinces, in our view very reactionary, can after ten years be amended. But no one, not even the Parliament at Westminster, can touch these Princes or lessen their rights. They enter as sovereign parties to a Treaty. It would be *ultra vires* to impose on them any charter of civil or political rights, to lessen their excessive voting strength, or to require them to carry out any species of election. This they will do, if ever, at their own good pleasure.

Few have realised this aspect of the constitution. In our view it buys a spurious unity for the peninsula at the cost of permanent enslavement to the ugliest form of reaction. Some answers are possible. It may be said that the Princes are merely the drilled bodyguard of the Viceroy, which will vote as it is told. In that case the Federation is an even worse sham than it looks. Or else, it may be said that one day the Princes will be driven to grant constitutions. It may be so. But some of them have fairly strong armies; all of them can count on the Paramount Power to suppress rebellion; few of them (perhaps four) face any free or organised opinion, or need fear a free press. To hand over India to these obscurantist despots, on the chance that revolutions will occur within any predictable time in hundreds of the most variously situated States, strikes us as a peculiarly irresponsible form of optimism. One has no right to gamble in this way with the destiny of the Indian masses.

For two main reasons, then, we believe that the Opposition should fight this Bill in the spirit of men who mean, when they

get the chance, to deal with India on a very different footing. This settlement breaks the Prime Minister's pledge of free negotiation between equals, aad it hands India over, without the possibility of amendments, to the Princes. For that reason it cannot be tolerated as a harmless, if inadequate, instalment of reform. It threatens irreparable harm. Mr. Lansbury in his moving broadcast address appealed to the Government to withdraw the Bill and throw on Indians the responsibility for framing their own constitution. The new fact at Delhi makes such a course possible. When even the Mohammedans, the prop of British rule and the models of loyalty, declare the scheme of Federation "bad" and unacceptable, is it prudent to proceed with it?

For our part we have always thought that the work should have been done by two stages. First, let the autonomous provinces be constituted (but without Upper Houses and plural representation for property). Then without delay let the self-governing provinces combine to form a Federation. As for the Princes' States, let them come in on the same terms, that is to say when they accept a common charter of civil and political rights, and a common electoral system. This might have been done, and in fact nearly was done, towards the close of the Round Table Conference. The Indians, however, would have none of it, because they distrusted this Government, and feared endless delay, or worse than delay, in constituting the Federation.

There are ways of meeting that difficulty. It is possible to lay it down explicitly that within a year after the provinces are constituted on the new basis their popular Chambers shall elect delegations which shall form what would be in effect a Constituent Assembly. It will have at its disposal all the volumes of evidence and all the memoranda written for the Round Table. It should be free to decide on all matters of purely Indian concern. The few vital things that concern this country, mainly the arrangements for the transitional period, must of course be subject to negotiation. The Dominion should be actually constituted, save that for some defined period of years, while the army is Indianised, certain of its rights must remain in abeyance. It should be understood that in the interim Indians are free in debate and free in association, as they are not to-day under a network of repressive legislation, and with the two leaders, Jawaharlal Nehru and Ghappan Khan, who rank only after Gandhi in popular affection, kept in what looks like permanent confinement. This would be our petition, even now and even to this Government. But if it hardens its heart, then we shall hope that a Labour Government may arrive in time to carry some such programme before this fatal Federation is actually in being.

A LONDON DIARY

I WAS asked the other day whether the reason for Colonel Dawnay's resignation from the B.B.C. was his brother's connection with the armaments industry. My friend was not convinced that the plea of ill-health was valid: he thought it odd to explain, as Colonel Dawnay's letter did, that his health was affected by the sedentary life in the B.B.C. and that he was therefore moving from a desk in Langham Place to a desk in the War Office. The right answer, I think, is that nervous strain is not an uncommon complaint in the B.B.C. and that clashes of policy and personality may lead to a very real breakdown in health. Colonel Dawnay has, I know, been very far from well for some months and the fact of his resignation has been a well-kept secret since last November. I imagine that Colonel Dawnay will find a smoother atmosphere for a man of his courteous, military and undemocratic temper in the War Office. As to armament connections, they do not constitute any ban on public office in this country. Sir John Simon wisely sold out his armament shares—an event I reported here when it occurred nearly two years ago. He is therefore able to stop the voice of slander with complete success and champion private manufacture of arms without any one suspecting sinister motives. If he tells us that the astonishing revelations in the U.S.A. arms inquiry (few people here yet know how astonishing) are negligible, we know that this is his honest-to-God opinion—which I for one never doubted. Perhaps his very proper attitude will create a new convention—that no public servant supposed to be serving the life of the community (which includes our neighbours and our overseas protectorates and possessions) shall be permitted to have a financial interest in its destruction.

* * *

Who is to succeed Colonel Dawnay? The position of controller of programmes is second only to the Director-General's. There are admirably trained people already in the B.B.C. who could probably fill the bill as well as anyone. But I expect a distinguished outsider to be appointed. If I had to guess I would canvass well-known academic names—people in the position of the Warden of New College or the Director of the London School of Economics, or possibly a semi-detached and popular public person like Lord Lothian. There is also the question of appointing a successor to Mr. Whitley, who has been so successful a chairman of the B.B.C. For this post I fancy an elder statesman, somebody very distinguished and still active.

* * *

On Friday, 1st, an extraordinary quotation appeared in the *Manchester Guardian* from the *Berliner Tageblatt*. It purported to be an interview with Mr. Lloyd George by the London correspondent of the *Tageblatt*. Mr. Lloyd George was made to speak with general and warm approval of Hitler's policy, both internal and external. I knew that Mr. Lloyd George felt strongly about Germany's claim for armament equality and that he was in general sympathy with the "back to the land" programme of Herr Darré, but in view of his usual dislike of stupidity and cruelty, I found this indiscriminate praise surprising. I therefore asked Mr. Lloyd George himself whether this interview represented his real opinions. He replied that he had said nothing in the interview which would justify the correspondent's statements, and he showed me a sentence of general sympathy with Germany's claim to equality which he had given to the interviewer and which had not appeared in the form he gave it. Nazi journalists have to please their employers.

* * *

The review columns of this paper this week include a denunciation by Mr. Sean O'Casey of the text of *Love on The Dole*. I have been to the Garrick Theatre to see this play, which is certainly much less good than the novel from which it has been adapted. But it is also, when performed, much better than might be supposed from a reading of the text. The whole second act is in its essence undramatic: it moves towards no definite goal, and is lacking in suspense. The love scenes throughout are too long and in any case ineffective. But the last act is successfully theatrical in the good sense of the word, and I cannot imagine anyone seeing it unmoved, for it contains an essentially truthful picture of the despair and degradation to which unemployment is at this moment reducing thousands of families. The play ends with the heroine saving herself and her family from continuous destitution by becoming a bookie's mistress. The irony of this "happy" ending is, however, rather lost (mercifully for our feelings), because we feel that she will come to little harm and is indeed acting wisely. Miss Wendy Hiller brings to the principal part a healthy humour and a fine rich warmth; but she is uncertain, and she muffed the climax when her lover is killed: instead of growing suddenly ugly with the shock of grief, she shook her hair becomingly and looked bravely skywards, like a good Roedean girl who has missed her hockey colours. Whether this was her fault, the producer's, or the author's, I do not know. Mr. Alex Grandison was superlatively convincing as the brother; the three old women were all excellently acted; and Miss Cathleen Nesbitt proved once more that by under-acting, you can "steal" every scene you appear in. (Of course this is not under-acting at all, but just very skilful acting.) The theme of this play and

the entire sincerity of its author make it, with all its faults, more interesting and far more moving than the plays we are used to seeing.

* * *

All literary London and a good deal of the world outside knows that the splendid old house of Bumpus at 350 Oxford Street is to be pulled down to make things easier for the cars and motor buses and that the shop is now reopening a little further along the street at No. 477. Nor does anyone need to be told that Mr. John Wilson has immensely enhanced the reputation of Bumpus and that he has been enabled to take complete charge of the reconstructed business in its new site. Towards the end of last year I suggested that the Government would make itself popular with the literary world if it included Mr. Wilson's name in the Honours list. As it has not taken my hint, the P.E.N. club did its best to atone for the omission by giving Mr. Wilson a dinner on Tuesday night. Mr. Wilson made an extraordinarily cheerful speech. He told the assembled company (most of whom depend one way or another on books) that the British is the best, most discerning and enthusiastic Book Public in the world; that book-selling had never deteriorated during the depression and that, for instance, he himself sells three times as many books as he did in 1928. He suggested that the British Public's taste might not change quite as rapidly as some modern authors imagine. The first three purchases made in his new premises were, first Strachey's *Eminent Victorians*, then a Bible and prayer book, and thirdly a cheap edition of the works of William Shakespeare.

* * *

I am glad to see that *Essential News* (18 Gordon Square, W.C.1), which seemed likely to wind up for good before Christmas, has a new lease of life. Subscribers have responded to its appeal with sufficient enthusiasm to enable it to carry on (with an increased subscription of 25*s.* a year) from February 16th, when it resumes publication, for some months in any case. It is not the sort of paper which will ever set the Thames on fire (not a thing that I see much point in doing myself), but it offers a peculiarly useful service to journalists and other people who happen to be interested in the progress or retrogression of internationalism and who want to see quickly what the world's press has to say about new pacts and understandings, armaments, international air proposals and the like. There seems to be a chance that the paper will be established on a permanent basis.

* * *

A week or two ago I complained of the contrast which the *Daily Worker* drew between Max Braun in Geneva and Fritz Pfordt "carrying out the task of solidifying the anti-Fascist ranks in the Saar." The *Daily Worker* replies that I did not take account of other very favourable remarks from its Saar correspondent about Max Braun, and that it does not intend "to oblige with a splitting blow at the united front," not even to make me a true prophet. I am delighted to have elicited this assurance.

* * *

In Saturday's sunshine, after a lapse of several weeks, I went down to my wild cottage garden in Essex. I found, as I expected, winter aconite in golden profusion and little clumps of snowdrops in sheltered corners. But I also found blazing yellow crocuses and, more surprising, a clump or two of primroses flowering as boldly as if this warm Candlemas was a sign of spring instead of a warning (as country people still tell you) of frost and bitter weather to come. I have no idea whether February 2 is exceptionally early for the first primroses. It seems so to me and I am wondering whether to write to the *Times* and claim this year's primrose record in clay soil or something of that kind. I never tell anyone of my cherished ambition some day to appear in "points from letters" on page 8 of the *Times*, or, grander still, to see a letter from "Critic" on the centre page describing how he woke one morning to hear the cuckoo once again beginning his vain repetitions.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5s. for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to "Mercury."

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Society Dances to Combat Socialism.—*Sketch.*

Since autumn King Prajadhipok of Siam has been in residence with his Queen at Knowle. . . . The five-foot monarch is now leading the life of a modern young English gentleman of means. He is guarded night and day by C.I.D. officers. There is one at every entrance to Knowle. All callers are stopped and questioned. No one is allowed to get within 200 yards of the house.—*Evening Standard.*

Dr. W. J. O'Donovan, M.P., quoted references from the report of Sir George Newman, the chief medical officer of the Ministry of Health, and said that there was nothing more dreadful than the propaganda of contraceptionists. A British workman with his two arms could produce enough food to feed ten children, but if he had only two children what right had he to three meals a day? The justification and spur to a full day's work was a father's children round a father's table.—*Manchester Guardian.*

I do not believe that the association of India and Britain was the mere accident of history or geography; I believe that association was in the providence of God. Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.—Mr. Isaac Foot in *Listener.*

For the dress designers nothing is sacred. A little while ago there were "Crise" belts. Revolutionary modes were produced by last year's riots. Now discussion of armaments has inspired a shoe decoration in the form of bull's-eyes: four graduated circles of contrasting suède, stitched with red thread, are placed on the front of the new kid pump models.—*Daily Express.*

A woman is going to run from the Dick Whittington Statue in Highgate to the Monument, E.C., and, without stopping, she will run up the 311 steps of the Tower. This feat has never been attempted by man or woman.—*Sunday Referee.*

Mr. McCulloch has this to say of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald:
"He has 'it,' and when a politician has 'it,' backed by persistency, nothing will keep him out of the green pastures."—*Daily Sketch.*

TELEVISION

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT]

THE Report of the Television Committee has taken almost a year to prepare. It is well set out, concise, surprisingly brief and matter of fact. Indeed, reading the short, sensible recommendations, it is hard to realise that here is another scientific miracle about to be let loose on the world.

Given the constitution of the Committee, their finding that Television should be run by the B.B.C. is not surprising. Certainly uncontrolled television would be more chaotic than uncontrolled broadcasting. Standardisation of a transmitting and receiving method is essential. The Report gives its recommendations for the setting up and operation of the service, takes care of the two competing transmitting methods (Baird and Marconi) by suggesting that they radiate programmes on alternate days, forecasts the growth of a station network, similar to that adopted in the early days of broadcasting, advises a patent pool, and covers the whole with a *caveat* that, as the invention is in its earliest stages, readjustments will certainly have to be made in the light of experience and development, and research should be given every encouragement.

We are now too accustomed to the technician's conjuring tricks to doubt that within ten years a large percentage of the population of the British Isles will be able to "look-in"; that receiving apparatus will be reduced in price to a reasonable

figure; and that all the engineering problems will be triumphantly surmounted as they have been in broadcasting. We can take all this for granted and turn to the main problem of television, which is that of programme finance.

Here the Committee have recommended, as a transitional measure, that no additional licence fee should be charged, and that the entire cost of the programmes to be radiated, until the Charter expires, should be met out of the funds of the Broadcasting Corporation, assisted by "sponsored" programmes financed by interested parties. No doubt this will be sufficient to meet programme costs in the early stages: but, assuming the Charter is renewed, as it almost certainly will be, it does not seem possible that the B.B.C. will be able to shoulder the extra cost of television programmes as they develop, without additional revenue. Broadcasting programmes are expensive enough, but they are small as compared with the probable television programme costs. Moreover, although it is fair to assume that ultimately broadcasting will give way entirely to television broadcasting, there must be a transitional period when both services will be running, and during this period only a small part of the standard broadcast programmes will be suitable for simultaneous radiation on the television wavelength.

Let us examine existing broadcast programme material to see to what extent it is suitable for television. Plainly such items as orchestral concerts, radio opera, and dance bands are not, once the novelty has worn off, good televisable material. The same may be said to a lesser extent of existing radio plays, musical comedies, or revues. These added together make up a very large proportion of the B.B.C. programmes. If they are eliminated there remains only the personality broadcaster, speaker, singer, music hall comedian, who can be successfully televised for a limited period, without a change of technique. A new technique will unquestionably be evolved. It will entail actors memorising their parts, action and lighting rehearsals—in fact the whole business of stage or film production, suitably modified for the televisor. However simply it starts it is bound to involve greatly increased expenditure, staff and, above all, time. Moreover (again after the novelty has worn off) the productions presented will inevitably be compared with the films. For a screen is a screen whether the images on it are electrically or photographically produced. Now the average cinema picture contains a minimum of three hundred different "shots," each separately lit and photographed and the whole fitted together into a complex sequence. No television programme can by *direct method* hope to compete with this. Productions directly televised will be tame in comparison and this will only be heightened if films themselves are televised.

But to what extent may we look forward to televised films? No film corporation is going to allow a picture to be televised until it is dead commercially. (Though the B.B.C. could obtain a large revenue by televising "trailers" of forthcoming pictures.) So, if films are televised, the programme builders will have to be satisfied with obsolete pictures and, when "looking-in" is general and the programmes have to be changed nightly, the supply will rapidly run out. From then on it can never keep pace with the demand, unless an organisation is set up to produce a supply. Estimating the cost of such pictures at the impossibly low figure of £5,000, we get a programme expenditure over a 300-day year of £1½ millions—and this for an hour's daily entertainment only.

To provide a more varied and interesting programme of three hours a day might well cost five times this amount, if we include staff and transmission costs. Even this, given a suitable licence fee and certain sponsored programmes, is not out of the question. If the hours of transmissions are confined to a good three-hour evening programme a high standard can be maintained and suitably recorded, the same programme can be repeated for a different set of "lookers-in" on the following morning and afternoon. (A method which they might apply with advantage and considerable saving to present broadcast programmes.)

Assuming the basis of a three-hour programme, of which an hour is devoted to entertainment either directly televised or taken from films, what other forms of "looking" will be of public interest? Presumably people, places, events—the equivalent of the cinema News Reel and Travelogue. Here again a problem arises. Much happens in the daytime, and the majority of the population will "look-in" in the evening. Therefore the direct televising of horse-races, football matches, processions, etc., will only have a limited audience and will have to be "canned" for evening consumption. A new form of camera which takes a picture, develops, fixes and dries it under two minutes makes this possible. Suppose that ten events of public interest have taken place during the day and have all been photographed in ten different places, how are they to be got to the transmission station and radiated with some approach to cinema technique, in the evening bulletin? One visualises a central receiving station with special lines connecting it with the news televisors, the image being electrically transmitted on to celluloid in the central office. Picture news would come through "on the tape" and could then be cut, mounted and presented, ready for the evening programme.

The extent of such services can be added to indefinitely. It is not impossible to suppose that scenes taking place at some part of the world at mid-day could be received and recorded at another part of the world at midnight. But special lines are required for this. (The estimated cost of wiring the United States for television is one hundred million pounds sterling.) So that even this type of programme, although it may be cheaper than "entertainment," time for time, will be extremely costly. There remains the large and thorny question of competitive interests. It is useless to deny that television must cause anxiety in the film world. To what extent theatre attendance will be reduced by the home televisor it is impossible to foresee. But it is worth remembering that broadcasting, greatly feared at its inception on all sides, has taken a place which has not harmed, but actually helped, many who prophesied that it would ruin them. It may turn out that television will develop on lines which will increase theatre attendance as broadcasting has stimulated concert attendance. It may happen that films and television will run side by side without encroaching on each other. Certainly their standards are different.

WITHOUT GLASSES

I WAS staying in the country recently when a well-meaning hand, engaged in dusting my bedroom, swept my glasses off the mantelpiece where I had placed them for safety. The culprit, an elderly man named Potter, his face full of kind-hearted misery, brought the fragments to the lunch-table, holding them at first behind his back and saying, "I have a confession to make." He was going ahead admirably with the story of his crime and the expression of his contrition, when my hostess interrupted him and said: "Now, Potter, you mustn't let it worry you. It doesn't really matter a bit. Besides, it wasn't your fault. It was Mr. Y's fault for leaving his spectacles on the mantelpiece. And it's only the frame that is broken; the lenses are all right. They will be quite easily mended. Now cheer up and don't give it another thought."

When Potter, considerably cheered up, had left the room, she looked at me censoriously and said: "How unfeeling you are, sitting there in silence and not telling poor old Potter that it didn't matter." "But it does matter," I protested; "I shan't be able to read for several days." "Yes," she agreed, "but the mischief's done, and making poor old Potter suffer won't mend your glasses any more quickly. You could see that the poor old man was feeling perfectly miserable." "I'm feeling rather miserable myself," I replied; "and, besides, I couldn't tell Potter that it didn't matter, because you were complimenting him so lavishly on having broken my glasses

that I couldn't get a word in edgeways." "Well," she said, "you needn't have looked so glum, anyway. Potter's so sensitive that a thing like that cuts him to the heart. You ought simply to have owned up that it was all your fault for having left the glasses on the mantelpiece."

Now, I am a firm believer in the value of sympathy, but I thought my hostess somewhat lacking in it towards myself. As regards Potter, I was perfectly ready to forgive him, but I like to forgive people in my own way. I like the culprit to realise that he is being forgiven and to be under no illusion that he is innocent. I do not rub it in in words, but there is a certain expression on a forgiving countenance, a certain tone in a forgiving voice, that can make a man who has broken your spectacles feel horribly guilty. When you have broken his spirit with this expression and this tone, a wave of rosy benevolence steals through your being and you almost begin to like the man for having done what he has done. The more he expresses his sorrow, the more you ooze good will till in the end, in all the glory of self-satisfied generosity, you assure him that the thing was only an accident and that you yourself had broken your spectacles dozens of times. In this way you serve at the same time truth, self-worship, and the cause of human brotherhood.

That, more or less, is the way in which I should have liked to forgive Potter if my hostess had given me a chance. For it was quite impossible for a truth-loving man to pretend that the disruption of the spectacle-frame did not matter. It mattered horribly indeed, since my pair of emergency spectacles, having suffered a similar disaster, was at the moment in the hands of an optician. It is true that I had an eye-glass, but, though I find an eye-glass useful for reading the menu in a restaurant, I cannot read books and newspapers with it easily. My hostess offered to do her best to mend the glasses temporarily with sticking-plaster, and she did her best—that is the best that can be said for her effort. I tried to read with the bandaged spectacles, but I had never read long till I was aware of a certain sagging of the frame on the bridge of the nose and the whole thing came in two again. It is impossible to read with much pleasure if one is on the look-out all the time, ready to catch the two halves of one's spectacles on their way from one's nose to the floor. As a result, I spent a miserable week-end. Surrounded by books and newspapers that I wished to read, I was almost as helpless as a blind man. I tried to work out a crossword puzzle with the help of a magnifying glass, but I had to give it up in despair. It was quite impossible to read the numbers in the telephone directory. I ultimately found that it was possible to read books I already knew slowly through an eye-glass, and turned from the newspapers to *Hamlet*. A pretty pass, was it not? to which Potter's zeal as a duster had brought me!

This inability to read with the naked eye is one of the curses attached to long sight. As a boy, I was rather vain of my long-sightedness, and felt inwardly boastful when I was able to read lettering at a greater distance than anyone else in the company. Little did I know that if one can see things at a long distance in childhood, one is punished by being unable to see things at a short distance in middle age.

It is only in the last year or two that I have taken to wearing reading-glasses, but I suspect that I ought to have begun wearing them twenty years ago. I was actually sent to an oculist towards the end of the war, and ordered to wear spectacles, but nothing came of it. He was a very charming man who kept making me look through various lenses at radiating lines, letters of the alphabet, and so forth, and asking me, "Do you see better now?" till, weary of saying "No," I said "Yes," in order to please him. When the interview was over, and I had given him any number of misleading answers, I asked him how much I owed him. He looked at me in a friendly, appraising way and asked me: "Is your income under £150 or over?" I admitted that it was over £150; upon which he laughed and said: "Ah, I see you're just like me. You don't care how you dress. Two guineas." As I walked with his prescription to the optician's I kept puzzling as to whether or not he had meant to pay me a compliment. I certainly noticed nothing wrong about my clothes, apart from my hat, and began to suspect that the oculist himself must have bad sight. I did my best to obey him, however. Having procured a pair of pince-nez spectacles, I went out into the world with them and they fell off and were shattered on the pavement. I bought another pair and they fell off and were shattered on the study floor. I bought another pair, and they fell off and were shattered on the office stairs. Concluding that the bridge of my nose was ill-built for the purpose of wearing pince-nez, I ordered a pair of glasses which could be fastened behind the ears with a sort of wire. I had not worn them for a week when I found that they were tearing my ears to pieces. I put them away in a drawer, and discovered that I could read and see as well, if not better, without them. And I never wore glasses again until about two years ago.

The punishment of long-sightedness kept creeping nearer, however. I complained more frequently of the badness of the electric light. When I read a newspaper, I had to hold it at arm's length. If only I could have stretched my arms a foot or two longer, I should probably have been able to read without spectacles to the present day. My arms would not stretch, however, and at last I was compelled to pay a second visit to an oculist. Luckily, he had all kinds of new devices for testing the sight which made it possible for the patient to tell the truth. As a result, he provided me with a perfect pair of spectacles with tortoise-shell rims that wounded neither the nose nor the ears. To see through them was like being born into a new world. A beautiful clear light dwelt upon the printed word, and even the small type of the sporting page became miraculously magnified. In my enthusiasm, I should have liked to put the whole human race into spectacles. Those who do not know what it is to wear spectacles for the first time have missed one of the exquisite pleasures of life.

I experienced this pleasure over again this week when I got back my mended spectacles from the optician. My heart leaped up when I beheld through them something even better than a rainbow—the print of a newspaper. For some days I had been a frustrated man, unable to read comfortably anything but the headlines, compelled to pass the time by listening in to wireless programmes, tempted to go to films that I did not want to see, helpless except in the company of talkative friends. The truth is, a man without spectacles is only half-alive. In theory, I suppose, a man ought to be able to sit down and think, but I cannot sit down and think unless I have a book in my hand. I do not need to read the book, but I need to know that I could read the book if I wished to do so. If I cannot, I am irritated, feeling cut off, an alien in the civilised world. How our ancestors endured life before the invention of spectacles, I cannot conceive. Potter reduced me to their level for a day or two, and I certainly hated it. I have forgiven him, however. Even so, I wish my hostess had not been in such a hurry to tell that abominable lie and to pretend that breaking my spectacles didn't matter.

Y. Y.

Correspondence

WAR AND CAPITALISM

SIR,—Critic's comment tempts me to restate the differences that divide Socialists from Sir Norman Angell. I was the first reviewer to give an enthusiastic welcome to *The Great Illusion*, but then, as now, I felt that its author had not faced the task of fitting his thesis to the concrete framework of history.

The thesis is true and important in the conditions its author assumes. A major war can bring no gain in actual wealth to the mass of citizens in a world of economically interdependent States. Goods, capital and labour in the ideal world of the classical economists flow freely across frontiers and economic opportunity under free competition falls to the man who makes the lowest bid. In these conditions the State is economically an irrelevance

and war pure cretinism. But instead of this ideal world, which never in fact existed, let us imagine the opposite extreme—the world of Lord Beaverbrook and Adolf Hitler, in which the State is everything, and self-sufficiency the ideal. Tariffs block every frontier, and capital follows the flags. Here Angell's thesis would have no validity. The only way to expand one's market or one's sphere of investment would be to open closed doors with a charge of gunpowder or a whiff of poison-gas. War, in short, would be a rational economic activity.

Concrete history has always swung between these two ideal extremes. The State vanishes out of sight in a Liberal epoch, but never disappears. To-day I think we are moving towards the uglier of these poles. There is always, therefore, a broad penumbra of uncertainty within which the thesis is doubtfully valid. Your war may not rank as a major operation, or economic interdependence is at a low ebb. It certainly paid the U.S.A. to snatch Texas and California by arms. The beastly opium wars that opened the Chinese market probably "paid." So, it may be, did the vile Boer War, by consolidating South Africa as a single economic unit. If Germany had won the war, and realised her scheme of a Mid-European economic empire, would not her capitalists have won, not indeed actual, but vast potential wealth in the form of closed markets and wide fields for capital exploitation?

The numerous marginal cases suggest that there are solid, economic reasons for the survival of military power. But the decisive fact is, of course, Imperialism. How Angell relates it to his thesis I have never been able to discover. It is not possible to deny that the exploitation of India and Africa is of immense advantage to the mercantile and investing classes. As little can one dispute that military power was and is indispensable to break the will of the natives and keep it broken, to hold long lines of communication, and to fend off the rivals to whom one denies an opportunity for exploitation. How to make world-history intelligible from the days of Chatham down to the rivalries in China, Egypt, Morocco, Bagdad and Persia that preceded the Great War I do not know, save on the assumption that military power is sought, not unreasonably, for economic ends.

Half the difficulty is as usual to ask the right question. I suggest that Angell's question: "What can you gain from war?" does not go to the root of the matter. I would substitute for it the question: "What do you gain economically from the armed State, from military power?" A candid capitalist must answer: "*Civis Romanus sum*: I gain protection for my enterprises abroad, pressure behind my claims for concessions and the like, vast regions of the earth's surface in which I enjoy a closed or preferential market for my goods, a monopoly of raw materials, and exclusive opportunities for capital investment." War is rarely necessary. The bones of Clive's heroes will bear interest long after they are turned to dust. Military power still acts, still counts, in profound peace. But the balance of power is never static. There is always a condition, more or less acute, of tension. War will actually break out when some rival thinks that an empire overestimates its power, and claims more or holds more than it can actually defend.

It remains, then, to explore the relation between military power and the economic structure of present-day society—capitalism. It begins at home. A society based on a grossly unequal division of wealth must have its coercive apparatus—the State, which can crush proletarian revolt. A system that divides the product of labour in the proportions familiar to us—roughly half of the national income to the workers and half to the owning class—will always suffer from a starved internal market. Accumulation in relatively few hands will always mean that the productive apparatus will develop faster than the consuming power of the masses at home. The search for profit accordingly drives capitalist industry to expand its markets abroad, exporting first consumers' goods, and finally producers' goods, which in the form of railways and the like involve concessions and State action. Meanwhile the pressure of competition between rival national industries tends to lower not only labour costs (which must starve the home market still further) but also profits. There is then an attempt to limit competition, at home by cartels and tariffs, abroad by the parallel process of fencing off colonial markets and spheres of interest. The armed State, obedient to the ruling class, is at every stage of this process linked inseparably with the whole system of the private ownership of the means of life. It is no answer to this argument to say that wise capitalists rarely desire war. Possibly not. But they are compelled to rely on the military power of the national State, which in a competitive world must one day spell war.

Critic points to the novel fact of Russia's entry into the League. I see no reason to suppose that Russians have abandoned their original opinion—that the League by reason of its composition and structure is impotent to deal with the fundamental economic causes of war. The two changes that brought them in were these. (1) The capitalist Powers were no longer united against Communist Russia, as they were when the League was founded. (2) They have now visibly fallen into the normal grouping—the dissatisfied Powers against the sated Empires. Since the former, Japan and Germany, seek to expand at Russia's expense, she in turn was thrown into the camp of the Versailles victors. Seeking the alliance of France, she received the reply that good form requires that alliances in these days shall be camouflaged under the League system.

Finally, Critic asks to what pacifist action the Socialist analysis leads. First to organised mass resistance against war. Secondly, to a redoubled effort to realise Socialism and to end Imperialism. Thirdly, so soon as a group of Socialist States exists, to an attempt to link them in a federation that will attempt to do its trading and lending on Socialist principles, and to plan its economic life as a great organic unit. The League has, of course, a limited value; it may stave off some wars, and it serves as an international forum. But I question whether persuasion (to take Critic's last question) can alone make a lasting change in behaviour. As men work so will they think. When they work as a co-operative international team in their daily economic life, they will shed with ease the follies at which pacifists in a competitive world tilt in vain.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

THE MEANS TEST

SIR,—Your article on the New Deal for the Unemployed gives the case against the new regulations, but there is one further point which may be emphasised. The household or Poor Law means test for those in receipt of transitional payments was one of the economies introduced as a result of the financial crisis of 1931. It was contained in an Order in Council of that year and authorised by the National Economy Act. Most of the cuts in salaries, wages or benefits, made as economies at that time, have been restored either in full, or in part only at present, but with every prospect of an early return to the normal figure. It is only one particular section of the community and that the poorest, namely, those who have been unemployed for many months or for years, whose reduction in income has been made permanent by Act of Parliament in the Unemployment Act of 1934. And now, as a further wrong, the regulations set up under that Act are inflicting upon a large number of them even greater reductions than they have endured during the three and a half years since the means test was first imposed. And this at a time when we are told on every side that "prosperity is returning." No possible justification can be found for it. There is certainly none in the fact that others of the unemployed who have been dealt with by their Public Assistance Committees under the severest destitution test will be somewhat better off under the new regulations.

Cambridge. CLARA D. RACKHAM

THE CENSORSHIP OF FILMS

SIR,—Those who care for reasonable liberty of thought and expression—i.e., for that freedom of the individual which is not demonstrably anti-social in its consequences—must be feeling increasingly uneasy. The Premier is peevish with his critics and hints at the possibility of a new press censorship. The Lord Chief Justice, in a speech of splenetic violence, suggests that "the time is almost ripe" for repressive legislation of this kind. A weekly journal caps all this by coming out openly for the curtailment of the freedom of the press, basing its reactionary demands on the two eminent speakers named above. These demands for curtailment of freedom of expression (to meet, it is said, certain alleged evils) are characteristic of our time, in which "Sedition" Acts are the fashion at home and in the Colonies.

Recently there has been a deputation to the Prime Minister to press for more stringent censorship of films. It is important, therefore, briefly to examine the nature of our present film censorship. The process by which the present form of censorship has been brought about is a good example of (*a*) the way in which Acts of Parliament are increasingly deflected from their original purposes by the bureaucracy, and (*b*) the way in which such deflection may be taken advantage of by powerful trade interests.

The only statute governing the exhibition of films is the Cine-

matograph Act, 1909. Section 1 expressly limits the operations of the Act to *inflammable* films (the " non-inflammable " 16 mm. sub-standard films, made on a " safety base," in which no celluloid is employed, do not come within its provisions). Section 1 also gives the Secretary of State power to make regulations " for securing safety " only. The Act contains no provision for censorship of any kind, and we are justified in saying that at the time the Act was passed Parliament had no intention of creating—or, indeed, of permitting the indirect creation of—a censorship under the terms of an Act directed to safety

It has become customary for licensing authorities—usually County Councils—to attach to the licences granted to exhibitors certain conditions which go far beyond the purpose of " securing safety " as named in the Act. One of the customary conditions is that in licensed premises only such films shall be shown as have secured the approval of the British Board of Film Censors or of the licensing authority itself. It is presumably a matter of administrative convenience that a busy municipal body shall agree to accept the Board's certificate in lieu of its own inspection and approval of many hundreds of films annually.

But two interesting facts remain—(1) that administrative action of the bureaucracy has built up a complicated machinery of censorship and control not contemplated in the framing of the Act, and (2) that the important and delicate operation of protecting and guiding the public taste has been placed, by this same administrative action, in the hands of a trade body on which there sits no representative of education and whose unfitness for dealing with educational and cultural matters is obvious.

This Board, in its annual report, publishes no list of its personnel, no statement of its accounts (an interesting and significant omission) and no definition of its powers. Its activities have had the effect of virtually sterilising the educational film. The Board (to quote the *Manchester Guardian*) excludes from our picture houses " much that is of legitimate interest to a discerning, if not to a nation-wide, public; it also has the effect of releasing for our consumption much that is meretricious in its appeal as entertainment while banning films that are sincere in their art on the ground that art is coupled with propaganda."

Many of your readers are, no doubt, aware that the manifest deficiencies of the commercial film have, to some extent, been made up for by the 16 mm. sub-standard (non-commercial) film which has been extensively used in schools, colleges, technical institutes and cultural groups. These miniature films, in addition to being non-inflammable, do not require the elaborate and expensive projecting apparatus which must be installed for the showing of the standard celluloid films to comply with the safety regulations of the Home Office. Last autumn, however, a bombshell was dropped into the educational camp by the announcement that the Home Office are proposing to introduce new regulations which will have the effect of bringing sub-standard films under the same control as the ordinary inflammable film—that is, under the control of the British Board of Film Censors. This announcement resulted in a spontaneous outburst of protest from all who are interested in the development of the non-commercial film.

Even if it could be proved (and this has not yet been done) that sub-standard stock might possibly be called inflammable within the meaning of the Oxford Dictionary, yet nobody has yet had the temerity to suggest that a sub-standard stock which will smoulder, or can be *coaxed* to burn by the application of an outside flame, can in any way be supposed to be a " danger," either in or out of the projector. I have before me two letters from the Chief Officer of the Bradford City Fire Brigade, in which he states that he has tested films made on sub-standard stock and finds them to be " of a non-inflammable nature." He goes on to say that the provisions of the Cinematograph Act, 1909, apply only to the use of *celluloid* films. We have the assurance of the Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education that no case of accident caused by a " non-flam " cinematograph display has been brought to the notice of the Board, and the British Institute of Adult Education have given a similar assurance. The whole subject is treated much more fully in a pamphlet (4½*d.* post free) which we have just published at this office.

A representative of the Cinematograph Exhibitors' Association has recently been telling the press that his Committee was approaching the Home Office " with a view to making representations that all exhibitions of cinematograph films in public halls and the like should be subject to the same rules and regulations as to safety as prevailed in the case of non-inflammable films." This is a particularly interesting admission as coming from the C.E.A. in view of the fact that, when the British Institute of Adult Education held in London a Delegate Conference of all the chief educational and scientific bodies to protest against the proposed new Home Office regulations, I received a letter from Mr. W. R. Fuller, the General Secretary of the C.E.A., in which he said " We have taken no part in asking for regulations affecting 'non-flam' films. . . . We have not done anything, *nor do we propose to do anything*, with the object of restricting the use of 'non-flam' films for educational purposes."

It is time that the Home Office should come out into the open and should state why they consider that sub-standard films made on " safety base " (declared to be non-inflammable by the General Post Office, the Board of Trade, the British Institute of Adult Education, a Fire Brigade Chief and numerous chemical experts) should be brought under control. They should also state at the same time what is the nature of the representations that have been made to them by the Cinematograph Exhibitors' Association.

The Council for Civil Liberties, Three Dansey Place, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1. RONALD KIDD, Secretary

PROPAGANDA IN SCHOOL BOOKS

SIR,—As you have asked me, I will answer that I do *not* think that the extracts published in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION from some not particularly important history books on the L.C.C. list contain any capitalistic propaganda. They are biased and contain loose diction, but the compilers were merely expressing what they honestly believed to be the views held by moderate people. Their books were certainly not written in the interests of either Capitalism or Socialism, and therefore were not propaganda, as I understand the term. But perhaps you attach a different meaning to it from what I do.

As to what was in the minds of those who passed the resolution to set up a committee to examine text-books (and, by the way, the fact that Professor Tawney is chairman does not go very far to prove that it will be impartial. His admirers, of whom I am one, do not claim that he takes a detached view of politics or economics, past or present), the following extract from *The New Leader*, for January 11th, is significant:

> One would have imagined that . . . they (the Labour Party) would have acknowledged that Mr. Jenkyn Thomas's interpretation of the resolution is a fair description of their contention, instead of talking nonsense about his being " hopelessly wrong."

Mr. Herbert Morrison's defence has seriously displeased many of his supporters, as the following extract from *The Socialist Leaguer*, for January 15th, shows:

> But why . . . did not Herbert Morrison straightway take up the schoolmaster's challenge?—instead of side-tracking the debate into a petty question of whether or not the L.C.C. Education Committee had yet done anything in the matter and whether, if a committee of inquiry were to find that any school-books were " inaccurate " or " unreliable," it would not be supported by all persons " animated by public spirit " in condemning their use. . . . Mr. Morrison's line in the matter was of a kind which, by many Social Democrats, is called " statesmanlike." We should prefer to describe it as funking the issue.

The Incorporated Association of Head Masters, 29 Gordon Square, W.C.1. W. JENKYN THOMAS

REPRESSION IN INDIA

SIR,—I am surprised that a publication with a reputation for sanity such as your own should accept so blindly the statements made by Mr. C. F. Andrews. I returned from India a few days ago, after having made a special study of the very districts to which Mr. Andrews refers, namely, the North-West Frontier Province and Bengal. Within the last six weeks I visited detenus in an Internment Camp and in jail. On the strength of my own personal knowledge I have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Andrews, though doubtless sincere, has given an utterly false picture of the situation.

He fails to point out that every detenu is a detenu because he has been directly concerned with an actual or attempted murderous outrage. I agree that the whole process of detention without trial is deplorable, but I would ask your readers to remember that terrorism must be coped with at whatever cost. Mr. Andrews quotes from a writer who says that " with the grant of reforms, under which they could honourably undertake to give up subversive activities, a huge majority would come out." The

detenus are not interned because of "subversive activities," but because of their connection with a campaign of murder.

As to the conditions in detention camps, I can personally vouch for the fact that the detenus live a life of comparative luxury, in much greater comfort than the ordinary student at an Indian University. They have every opportunity for games and recreation, as well as for study, receiving a monthly allowance of 10 rupees from the Government to buy books and sports requisites. As far as food is concerned, each detenu is allowed 30 rupees a month, a sum which would easily keep in food three Indian working-class families. The detenus are waited upon and valeted by convicts.

The whole question of terrorism is a tragic one, and needs to be tackled at the source. A small group in Calcutta, for whom no condemnation is too severe, secures recruits from the more adventurous spirits in the High Schools and Universities. I am convinced that they would not secure these recruits if school life were made more interesting, and the prospects of employment on leaving school were brighter. The real reason for terrorism is that the life of the ordinary middle-class boy, both in school and out of it, is drab and dull.

I am quite aware that the average detenu looks upon his association with the Terrorist Movement as a sort of wild oats which he sows in his youth, and which he gets over in a few years, and he expects the Government to take the same view. But in my opinion the Government can hardly be blamed for refusing to take the risk of releasing all terrorists after they have reached a certain age; after all, the Government's first duty is to its own servants. I stayed in a district with a man whose three predecessors had been assassinated within two years. I should consider the Bengal Government guilty of the gravest dereliction of duty if it risked the lives of men such as these by the release of any detenus without the fullest possible guarantees. I hardly think that Mr. Andrews' personal assurances would count amongst these.

Detention in an Internment Camp can be no fun for the detenu. I ask your readers to remember that it is no fun for the servants of the Government, both British and Indian, to live in constant danger of assassination. For Mr. Andrews to talk about the "present rule of repression" and of "explosions which can hardly be avoided much longer" is utter nonsense. Every decent citizen in Bengal is behind the Government in its determination to stamp out this terrible menace to the body politic.

A letter like that of Mr. Andrews, and comments such as yours, can only make the cause of Indian Nationalism ridiculous. This can only be a cause of regret to those who, like myself, have every sympathy with Indian national aspirations.

House of Commons. GODFREY NICHOLSON

[We have submitted this letter to Mr. C. F. Andrews, who writes:

I have to write in haste because I am just going abroad. Mr. Nicholson views this detestable system of imprisonment without trial, with its evil shadow of the "informer," entirely from the outside; I have seen it from within and can point to innocent people whom it has destroyed. He, as a Member of Parliament, has been conducted recently over a jail and an Internment Camp; I have lived for more than thirty years in the homes of the people, speaking their language, sharing their food, wearing their dress; therefore I can tell of things I know by heart. Only at long last—far too long!—have I spoken out my mind. What I have said is neither ridiculous, nor absurd; it is the naked, tragic truth.

Nearly thirty years ago, this disgraceful perversion of British justice began. Its two earliest victims, Babu Krishna Kumar Mitter and Lala Lajpat Rai, became my close personal friends. The one nearly died in prison, the other had his whole career blighted. Both of them were as innocent of violence as I am. The evil course, once begun, led farther, until hundreds, and then thousands, were imprisoned without trial. This very same evil was embodied in the Rowlatt Acts. The passing of these led on directly to Amritsar. If a Gibbon, at some future date, writes a new "Decline and Fall" of British rule in India, he will place his finger on this fatal spot. For young men and women, who may now be numbered by many thousands, have been shut up in prison during the past years in Bengal, and prevented by a lawless ordinance from having any open trial in an open court of law. It is *not* a fact, as Mr. Nicholson supposes, that every one thus imprisoned has been guilty of taking part in an act or an attempt of murder.

One thing Mr. Nicholson does not understand. The family life in Bengal is a single unit. One imprisonment of this kind, under suspicion, may wreck, not merely the individual thus suspected, but the whole family. If he were to study the facts, as Mr. Mackarness studied the facts of prison-torture some years ago, he would find that people have been driven insane, families ruined, and suicides attempted. We condemn these things when we hear of them among other nations; let us look first to the beam which is in our own eye.

I had already half drafted a second letter to this paper in order to point out the effect of one generous action, which shone out like a ray of light in the darkness on last Christmas Day. The Governor, Sir John Anderson, commuted the death sentence of a poor misguided lad, who had tried to shoot him. This act has done more to put an end to terrorism in Bengal than all other efforts put together. I hate terrorism and assassination just as much as Mr. Nicholson, and wish, with him, to get to the root of the evil. But I have always found the deepest root to be a burning sense of injustice, maddening the mind of youth. This can never be removed by detenus being allowed sports in jail, while their families starve.—ED. N.S. & N.]

RENUNCIATION

SIR,—I was amused to read of the ease with which you gave up smoking once you had decided you did not want to smoke. I have had exactly the same experience, though mine was, if I may say so, a feminine counterpart of yours. A year or two ago, I decided that my increasing embonpoint was definitely menacing my sex appeal—the worst possible thing that can happen to a woman—and made up my mind to cut out butter, potatoes, mayonnaise salads, chocolate cream buns, and other such delights to the palate. The elementary argument: "You've got to stop eating, or you'll be too fat," did very little good. I succumbed to the temptations of the chocolate cream bun every time I saw one. The next argument was: "It's much pleasanter to be attractive than to have a good taste in your mouth for five minutes." However, we mortals are short-sighted, and choose the immediate pleasure rather than the anticipation of a distant one. So that was no good. But from this argument it was only a step to thinking, "It's not even good for five minutes. It's not good at all. *I don't want* a chocolate cream bun!" And presto! It worked. I've lost pounds and pounds, and I've kept it up for months—with slight relapses, of course, but once you've discovered the system, you're safe.

But of course I smoke. You've got to do something. P. W.

Miscellany

A MALTESE NOTE

THE symphony of Maltese noise has two rhythmic themes: the bells and the goats. The bells ring out from five o'clock in the morning, and, on this island strewn with churches and convents, answer each other from every quarter of the compass. Five o'clock is also the hour when the quavering bleat of goats begins to rise from the street. These creatures play a great part in Malta's life; they have the freedom of the city in Valletta, and the brown and white herds move freely up and down the streets; their keepers come and milk them at the very doors of their customers. They have their own ways, respected by every inhabitant of Valletta, and one goat will go regularly to sleep in the doorway of a certain house in the Strada Mercanti. More than one British Governor, I fancy, would have liked to forbid the herds access to these noble thoroughfares, in the interest of order and cleanliness; but that would be a very serious measure to take. Once already the British Empire has come to grips with goats. That was in Cyprus, and battleships had to be sent to quell the insurrection raised by this rash act. If need be, men will allow their laws to be transformed by a power which they deem sufficiently forceful; but they will resent its claim to alter their habits.

Nightfall. The Strada Reale, the great street of the city, swarms as I have never seen a street swarm, except the Kalverstraat in Amsterdam. As a race, the Maltese are attractive—large eyes, alert features, black hair. The women affect a curious head-dress which ends in a kind of hood, the *faldetta*, which is like a Spanish mantilla held stiff by a brass wire or a whalebone. Round the head the *faldetta* forms a wide arc

which, on one side, starts from the neck, and on the other curves away from the face in a bold sweep. When a woman walks, her *faldetta* is bellied out by the breeze, and to watch a group of Maltese women hurrying along the street is to see a lovely flotilla of black-sailed barques sweeping before the winds of fate.

Concerning the origin of the *faldetta*, some of the guides tell dark stories; the Pope, they say, imposed this head-dress on the women of Malta for a hundred years, as penance for the town's weakness and surrender to Bonaparte in 1798.

"For a hundred years?" one asks. "But it is more than a hundred years now."

"Yes, yes. But now they've got accustomed to it and won't give it up."

The truth is far simpler. The *faldetta* existed long before Bonaparte. In the library of Malta the Cavaliere Hannibal Scicluna showed the sixteenth-century prints in which this veil already figures. The historical "explanation," like so many others, is mere legend.

Along the Strada Reale, palaces alternate with shops. The palaces have real nobility: the architecture of warrior monks, ascetic and cultured men, of fine taste, scorning excess of ornament, but respecting the well-chiselled coats-of-arms and symmetrical inscriptions of sound Latinity. The shops are the shops of anywhere—jazz records, English and Italian newspapers, wireless sets in mass-produced marquetry, countless chemists, antique-shops selling relics of the Knights and model galleys, embarrassingly poor bookshops, stocking detective novels and works of hygienic interest. Here and there a cinema, hawking its dreams to this twentieth-century humanity which drugs itself with pictures as heavily as with alcohol.

In front of the Library in the Piazza, handsome buildings surround a minute white statue of Queen Victoria. An open-air café encloses an orchestra. The large lamp posts are draped with fringed shawls, yellow, orange, green and red, floating in the wind and somehow lending this dull terrace the look of a Spanish festivity. A lower-middle-class throng, women in red gowns, men in grey felt hats. No English. Next day we confess to some English friends that we spent the evening at this café. They are surprised, almost outraged: "You really sat there?" they exclaim. "Really? What a Continental idea!"

But hundreds of bluejackets are climbing the noisy, busy streets towards the pleasures of the town. The police are in khaki, with white helmets. Every now and then a patrol of four gaitered Marines, with revolvers, led by a non-commissioned officer, halts at the end of the narrow streets lined with bars which resound to gramophones braying: *Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?* In front of the Guard House facing the Governor's Palace stands a single sentry, his rifle tilted forward at ease, with fixed bayonet, symbolic rather than forceful.

Beyond the Palace the Strada Reale disappears in shadow towards the bastions of the fort of St. Elmo. Again, a blending of goats and bells. White-robed Dominicans, and priests in flat-brimmed black hats, thread their way between the sailors, the soldiers, the women in their *faldettas*. Curious Maltese cabs go by, high-slung, square, with white canopies. Going back in one to the other end of the street, we reach the fortified gate flanked by the statues of two French Grand Masters—La Valette and L'Isle Adam; it opens on to a bridge spanning moats of incredible depth. Farther on, an open space paved with flat round stones makes one think that the columns of some vast temple of antiquity must have been sawn off at the ground level. Here were the Templars' granaries, and these stones are lids; beneath every one of them gapes a deep pit, and every year these wells are still filled with corn.

Close by are parked the large buses which take the evening crowds from the suburbs into the capital . . . VALLETTA–COSPICUA . . . VALLETTA–VITTORIOSA . . . VALLETTA–SENGLEA. . . Swarms of people emerge from them, trailing behind the black sails of the women. Gone, long ago, is the power of the Order which carved that gateway, dug those moats, laid out those streets; and at this moment other masters, clean-shaven, ruddy-cheeked, guarded in their speech, are finishing their dinners beside their fair-haired womenfolk, in the palaces that once were those of Religion. But the Maltese people, unchanging and outwardly indifferent continue their sober, sensible life, buying their goats' milk, selling wireless sets in the shops where they used to sell armour, praying and singing, still using their ancient speech with its strange Phoenician roots, and looking out to watch, after the motley galleys of La Valette, and Bonaparte's white frigates with their romantic names, the great steel-blue cruisers of Admiral Sir William Fisher.

ANDRÉ MAUROIS

PHOENIX, ARISE

MR. CLIFFORD BAX, I gather, would like to revive the Phoenix Society; he needs guarantors and now that the investing classes are faced with the cheerless prospect of 2½ per cent. less tax and probable diminution of capital in course of time, there should be one or two rich persons who would as soon spend a little on the theatre as lose it on the Funds. The Phoenix, it should be explained, was named after the famous theatre in Drury Lane; it came to life in 1919 in order to produce the less-commonly staged drama of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It gave many spirited performances, but it faded away in 1926. It was a companion rather than a child of the Stage Society and may have weakened the latter by drawing members from it; the poetic gallantry and lusty comedy of its programmes certainly showed up well against the contemporary offerings of the "advanced" drama offered by the Stage Society, in which the Expressionists noisily proclaimed their astonishment that machines have mechanical results.

Mr. Bax has proved his capacity as an administrator, which is vitally important, since more theatrical campaigns are lost in the office than on the stage. He largely helped to rescue the Stage Society from its debts and his experience would help to run a theatrical society efficiently and economically. There is now an additional reason for a revival of the Phoenix; that is the absence of any theatre in London which regularly performs classical and costume plays other than Shakespeare's. The end of the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, at least in that function, has made our lack of a National Theatre the more disgraceful. The Old Vic has to maintain a vast preponderance of Shakespearean pieces on its programme for essential reasons of finance. Its public, for some curious cause, dotes on endless revivals of the best-known Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *The Merchant*. *As You Like It* and *What You Will* are properly so named by the standards of the Waterloo Road. Occasionally experiments are made and, when there is a company of singular West-End quality, these may pay their way. Mr. Charles Laughton and Miss Flora Robson could pack the house with *Measure for Measure* and draw with Congreve a fresh type of audience to Sadler's Wells. But the conditions were quite unusual. This year there has been a return to the usual Shakespeare, with one interval of Shaw, and a promise of Euripides. The other Elizabethans, are, as usual, forgotten.

The Old Vic has not since the war, and possibly never at all, produced a play of Ben Jonson's; on such occasions as the too rare Ben does come upon our stage, his comic force is abundantly manifest. At Malvern, in 1932, Sir Barry Jackson included *The Alchemist* and the actors feared that it would go heavily, putting their faith in their lively rendering of Fielding's *Tom Thumb*. Actually Jonson acted Fielding off the stage; *The Alchemist* was generally acclaimed as the best of that year's historical revivals and Sir Cedric Hardwicke's performance in the small part of Drugger, favoured by Garrick, was one of his greatest creations. But no more was seen of this admirable production; it remains for the revived Phoenix as an ideal opening piece, especially if the services of Sir Cedric

and Mr. Ralph Richardson can be once more obtained. That should not be impossible. I suppose if the Old Vic did play Jonson its Shakespearean fanatics would stay away as usual, and it is idle telling people who must pay their way to proceed audaciously to disaster. But the fault is with the audience, not the dramatist. Admittedly not all Jonson will do; he was far more typical than Shakespeare, or at least I should add, superficially so, for there are many who find current events in every Shakespearean character and speech. But, wisely selected, and prudently cut, Jonson could be the mainstay of a new Phoenix.

One reason for the failure of the old Phoenix was a slackening of standards; the production and casting in its last year or two were not nearly good enough. And here, I am afraid, Mr. Bax, if he ever gets his finance, will find increase of difficulty. The prosperity of the British film industry has added other magnets to that of Hollywood, and it is becoming harder than ever to cast a play satisfactorily in the ordinary way of business. Young men of talent and the right appearance disappear, at any rate for long periods, as soon as they have made any sort of name. It is always possible to collect something better than a scratch team for Sunday night work in modern plays, because on these occasions the Sunday night production is really a " trade show " for the approval of buyers; the players invest their labour on the chance of a " run " to follow. But to insure good casts and careful production for performances which have small prospect of commercial value will be even more difficult than it was before. There is a possibility, of course, that some Phoenix productions might be transferred to West-End theatres; the old Society proved the attractions of *Marriage à la Mode* and *The Country Wife*. But, on the whole, Mr. Bax will have to reckon on the actors' willingness to work hard for the fun of it, also on their willingness to appear in costume; a success in the doublet or the periwig is often dangerous to their prospects of remunerative employment in modern plays. Our managers have a grossly unfair habit of turning away those who have done good work at the " Vic " or Stratford, as though Shakespearean ability were a kind of pox which defaces a player for life.

And producers? Where are the people who both know the proper strategy of Restoration work and will undertake the job in their spare time and for a nominal fee? It will be easy enough to get a lame production with an inadequate cast and even that may suffice if there are a couple of experienced " bravura " performers at the centre; but the modern producer has well-nigh abolished " bravura " in the modern play and players have been carefully trained to regard flourish and rhetoric as forms of sin. But that, while it intensifies the difficulties of a new Phoenix, also intensifies the need for the opportunities it can provide. Whether or no the old plays delight a new audience, they should certainly instruct and inspirit the new players, who may be surprised to discover the pleasure of roaring a mighty line after such long condemnation to whispering a small one. How the classics may release suppressed abilities of a larger kind has been shown at the Old Vic this winter in the case of Mr. Maurice Evans, whose talents, dimmed by contemporary prose, have been stirred by old poetry to a most commendable show of flame.

IVOR BROWN

PLAYS AND PICTURES

" Days Without End "

The fall of the curtain after the Incorporated Stage Society's production, at the Grafton Theatre, of Eugene O'Neill's *Days Without End*, left at least one member of the audience sadly puzzled. Impiously, as from the lips of John Loving's Alter Ego, presented by Mr. Neil Porter in a most effective half-mask, arose the question: Would anybody take Mr. Loving seriously, were his creator someone of less importance than Eugene O'Neill? While still a boy, he lost both his parents in an influenza epidemic. The bereavement caused him to lose all faith in the God of Love, in whom he had been taught to believe. He became first a militant atheist, then a cynical unbeliever. His Unbelief trotted after him, insistent, cold, unavoidable. In a momentary escape, he married, idealistically, a girl who believed in his chastity. Her influenza, disillusionment, and subsequent pneumonia provide the action of the play. Shall Elsa, unforgiving, live? Subservient to the dictates of his rationalist-diabolist conscience, John resists to the last. Then he realises that Cynicism (with Pride as sleeping-partner) is secretly afraid of Faith, promising happiness from the Cross. He repents, and Elsa, forgiving when she senses his repentance, by a miracle is spared. You may conclude that *Days Without End* is either rubbish or a great play. Actually it is neither. John Loving's Other Self—the self that believes in nothing, that denies all values—is given his logical end in suicide, and this is reasonable philosophy. But is Loving's surrender the only alternative, and are we to believe that Elsa's life depends on it? Beyond indicating that Mr. O'Neill's answer is unsatisfactory, I dare not argue further. As a play, *Days Without End* is but half a success. What could Miss Iris Baker do but make Elsa a ninny? And if Elsa is a ninny, what hope is there left for a play which depends on her decision to live or die? If she had died . . . but that would have been another play. There is something lacking to justify the author's description of the piece as a " modern miracle play." It contains a miracle, and a most adroit piece of stagecraft, by which John (neatly played by Mr. Henry Daniel) is made unwittingly to reveal his infidelity to his wife. But the theme bursts the plot almost automatically, and there is regrettably little left among the debris.

" Between Us Two "

As it stands *Between Us Two* at the Criterion is the usual social comedy, the scenes of which make agreeable enough diversion between the lengthy intervals. But such it need not have been if Mr. Leslie had made up his mind what kind of play he wanted to write. He has here in the conflict between Loretta, who wanted her career as an air-ace, and Ronnie her husband who demanded sons before he had lost his aptitude for bowling googlies at them, the stuff from which a fine play could have been made. If the idea was important, then the initial skirmishing in the Bahamas was irrelevant, and the final departure of the pair in Loretta's aeroplane a capitulation to the difficulties of its solution. Perhaps, however, Mr. Leslie knew his audience, and so for fear of latecomers avoided any development of his idea in the first act, and in the last refused to grapple with its implications lest he might leave something to think about after the play was over. When satire threatened, sentiment intervened; when conflict grew interesting, it was abandoned to the stock figures of mother-in-law and vamp. Given this indecision the cast had heavy going. Mr. Clarke-Smith made a convincing figure of a financier " with a way with women," which seemed pure creation. Since the play's action revealed no occasion for it " Loretta's bedroom late next morning " belonged more properly to an exhibition flat at Messrs. Heal's than to the theatre. The books inlaid around the beds, even though the hero was given to quoting Rupert Brooke, must certainly have been supplied with the upholstery.

" Great Expectations " at the Westminster

It was enterprising of Sir John Martin-Harvey to try to discover a second " far, far better thing " and in *The Convict*, dramatised from *Great Expectations*, he has provided excellent entertainment. At first it seemed that a society which defined a gentleman as " one above work " was only fit for satire, but Dickens's remarkable flair for story-telling shone through the adaptation, and disturbing memories of Victoriana made ridiculous gave way to curiosity to know what would happen next. Dickens's crowded canvas would embarrass any dramatist, and though the story has been ruthlessly compressed, the Convict's " recitative " in Act II badly wants thinning out. Probably the film is a better medium for the " grotesque yet deathless army " of these novels, and it certainly is better suited to Dickens's episodic technique. There is, however, a sincerity about the play, which, judging from the performance, gave strength to a cast whose talents are often thrown away on banality and twaddle. The Westminster should be filled for the play's fortnight's run. The beauty of the dresses designed by Ruth Keating alone repays a visit.

" Ballet Rambert "

To the already impressive repertory of its own productions at the Duke of York's theatre, Mme. Rambert's company added last Monday a new ballet by Mr. Frederick Ashton, *Valentine's*

Eve. The ballet illustrates the story of a poet, Constant, who having given a heart as the token of his love to Phryne, watches her coquette and dance with others. It is not until the heart is given to him by Solange, who loves him and to whose love he does not respond, that he realises Phryne had parted with it and passed it round the assembled company, in the belief that true love is out of place amid the waltzing of Valentine's Eve. In choosing to illustrate choreographically Ravel's *Valses Nobles et Sentimentales*, Mr. Ashton set himself a difficult task. But having undertaken it how well he has accomplished it! The only form of music on which he had to work, the waltz, is singularly appositely illustrated by the story. Constant and Solange are noble in their aspirations to true love and at the same time sentimental and ridiculous in the eyes of others. They finish sitting dejected and separate on the sociable wheeled into place for them by their lighthearted companions. Miss Pearl Argyle as Phryne danced with delightful gaiety and accomplished ease, and Mr. Ashton himself as Constant and Miss Maude Lloyd as Solange with ability and sense of character. By the use of a few simple colours, Miss Sophie Federovitch always evolves most effective and original patterns. With transparent pink screens against a white background she creates a setting at once warm, intimate, and spacious and heightens the whole effect by the white and plum colour of the costumes.

A Chopin Film

Though a little on the saccharine side, *Farewell* (now showing at the Curzon Cinema) is a charming film woven around an episode in Chopin's early life. We see him at Warsaw as a very young man, fervently attached to Constantia Gladkowska who is intended by her mother for marriage with a rich merchant. We see his debut at the Salle Pleyel in Paris, his presentation to Parisian society and, finally, his seduction by George Sand. Constantia reappears, but it is too late. . . . The background and costumes of the film are extremely pretty; and the producer has been clever enough to recapture the spirit of Ingres' pencil portraits. Liszt (played by Daniel Lecourtois) is remarkably good; and there are fascinating glimpses of Hugo, Dumas and Balzac—the latter solemn and slightly reminiscent of Arnold Bennett in a grandiose waistcoat and white gloves. George Sand (depicted by a beautiful and accomplished actress, Lucienne Lemarchand) is conceived on a more romantic scale; but then the picture does not claim to be strictly accurate. It may annoy students of musical history; but to ordinary film-goers it is a picture one can recommend.

Frances Hodgkins at the Leicester Galleries

The front room at the Leicester Galleries is occupied by some fetching little pictures of young ladies with and without their cami-knickers, by Mdlle. Mariette Lydis, whose work should do as much to cheer the Boys in the next war as Mr. Kirchner's did in the last one. But if you can tear yourself away from these accomplished morsels of spice you will find a room devoted to the work of Miss Frances Hodgkins, who deserves a place in the very front rank of living English painters. If there were ten artists in this country of her calibre we should be a great deal better off than we are. She has not yet all the reputation which she should have with the public, probably because she is naturally adventurous and always interested in exploring new avenues. The public likes a painter who can be trusted to stick to variations on one theme. After all, you then know where you are, I mean, don't you? And even in this show Miss Hodgkins shows signs of being already on the track of new possibilities. She has an excellent sense of spacing and intervals, but her colour is her great strength and originality—in some of the water-colours, 76 and 98, for instance, it has the sombre translucency of the best stained glass. In some of the oils (83 and 86) she produces the most lovely rich texture, which caresses not only the eye, but, as it were, the tips of the fingers. And invariably the whole painting coheres, lilies and houses and trees and eggs contributing their forms independently of the original context of the subject. In fact, Miss Hodgkins has a vivid and essentially pictorial imagination, which transforms the separate and confusing messages brought by her eyes, so that they produce a concerted whole.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, February 8th—
Exhibition of Toy Theatres, 1812–1935, Theatre Bookshop, 5, Harrington Road, 10–6. Until February 23rd.

SATURDAY, February 9th—
Rugby Football. England *v.* Ireland, Twickenham.
English Madrigal Choir, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.

SUNDAY, February 10th—
J. L. Gray on "Ability and Opportunity in English Education," Conway Hall, 11.
Film Society, Tivoli, 2.30.
Moiseiwitsch, Palladium, 3.15.
H. N. Brailsford on "The New Forms of Imperialism in India," Transport Hall, 7.45.
Dance Drama Group, Arts Theatre.

MONDAY, February 11th—
"Elijah," Albert Hall, 8.
Courtauld-Sargent Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.15. And on Feb. 12th.
"Hippolytus," Old Vic.

TUESDAY, February 12th—
Rev. M. L. Perlsweig on "Jews and Internationalism," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
G. P. Gooch on "The Outlook in Europe," Kensington Town Hall, 5.30.
Mrs. Janet Chance on "Five Years in a Sex Education Centre," Conway Hall, 7.
The Rev. Archibald Fleming on "Presbyterianism," Morley College, 8.
"Viceroy Sarah," Whitehall Theatre.

WEDNESDAY, February 13th—
World League for Sexual Reform. A. S. Neill on "Love," Essex Hall, Essex Street, 8.
Ralph Fox on "Literature of the Civil War Period," Chanticler Restaurant, Frith Street, Soho, 8.
R. Herdman Pender on "A Journey through Georgia and Turkmenistan," Friends' House, Euston Road. 8.15.
"Seven Deadly Virtues," Gate Theatre.

THURSDAY, February 14th—
Meeting of British Section of the Women's World Committee against War and Fascism. Speeches by Miss Sylvia Saunders and Miss Monica Whately, Small Caxton Hall, 6.30.
Gerald Heard on "The Technique of Persuasion," Conway Hall, 8.
Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
"Barnet's Folly," Haymarket Theatre.

YOU CAN BE

SURE OF

SHELL

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

WHEN the first volume of Mr. Desmond MacCarthy's collected writings appeared, *Portraits*, "This," people said, "is his greatest talent, the faculty of making the dead materialise, more corporeally than in any *séance*, before our eyes, the physical presence, the gestures and revealing words." Then came the volume of *Criticism*, and you had only to read the *Donne* and the *Browning*, the *Proust* and the *Joyce*, to feel that this was his true *métier*, the appreciation of literature. Now the third volume appears, *Experience* (Putnam, 7*s.* 6*d.*), and sets one wondering whether his real *forte* is not practical philosophy. As a critic, he turns his author's words over with loving and suspicious fingers, like the money-changers' in the Flemish Primitive. "Here is fine round rare currency," or "Mere counterfeit, listen to its ring, the work of a skilful coiner." But his gusto for language never distracts him from the consideration of human, that is to say in the widest sense, moral, values. "Literary criticism must be largely a 'criticism of life,' and it is thus that the best critics have understood their function." The trouble is that if the critic's scale of moral values is very different from that of the authors he is criticising, he is liable to stumble into writing nonsense. Mr. Eliot's later criticism, for instance, has been written from a rigidly Anglo-Catholic point of view. We therefore hear Mr. Eliot complaining that Shelley's intellectual immaturity and inconsistency makes his verse unreadable, whereas any critic not blinkered by a theological prejudice would admit that Shelley was far more consistent in his philosophy than most poets, and that if most of his verse is unreadable, this cannot be blamed upon any intellectual deficiency. Unluckily for Mr. Eliot, very few good writers in the last two hundred and fifty years have been remarkable for their loyalty to the Establishment. But such is his sectarian devotion that I shall not be surprised if we are soon informed that Southey is one of the most illustrious of English writers. Now if Mr. Eliot shows how a moral standpoint can delude a good poet into writing bad criticism, Mr. MacCarthy shows that the criticism of literature can be enormously enriched by the criticism of life. And I say this, not because I happen to be in sympathy with Mr. MacCarthy's philosophy of life, but because it is itself a philosophy of sympathy, which not only tolerates, but welcomes, variety of opinion and experience.

* * *

The first characteristic which attracts the reader's attention in Mr. MacCarthy's papers is his continuous felicity of phrase. Bulwer Lytton, for instance, he describes as "a man whose love was not only as a millstone, but as a bag of ferrets round his neck"; in his imaginary portrait of the aged Emperor Franz Josef he depicts a man-servant laying "a cloak about his shoulders with the tenderness of a dressmaker shrouding a delicate dress in tissue-paper"; a noise of agony heard in a hospital he describes as "a curious tapering, whinnying cry"; and, of the dead during the war, "faces once responsive, last remembered as yellow objects, dirty, mauled, like the turnips sheep have left half-eaten." Such phrases, and all the recollections of Red Cross work in this volume, show that Mr. MacCarthy might have been a virtuoso of Special Reporting. Next one notices his worldly wisdom, such as the advice to the public man acknowledging applause to "throw quick glances about him, responding as though to individuals in the crowd"; and this advice which all of us who have rich friends should take to heart:

> To leap forward with alacrity to pay a penny-ha'penny tram-fare when on arrival at the theatre the Spongee will of course be left to take all the tickets, is not tactful on the part of the Sponge, but calculated to make the Spongee murmur: "This, at any rate, is not the moment for a display of rugged independence."

Then there are neat definitions, such as the criterion of Bohemianism, which is whether you can contemplate without a shudder the idea of someone buttering bread with a perfectly clean razor. And the lapidary apophthegm: "No one loves Liberty who fears License." Here is another of the passages I marked to quote:

> He did his thinking from the artist's point of view, from the ground of mere feeling. It was absolutely necessary for him to attain an exciting, picturesque view of the world; and the very idea that anybody might pull him up and say "yes, yes, but is it *true*?" made him lash out furiously in anticipation. The respect for truth for its own sake he dubbed a sort of survival of Mumbo-Jumbo worship.

This comes from an account of Nietzsche, but how applicable it is to D. H. Lawrence, who could not bear to face even the fact of the moon's real distance from the earth, another victim, in fact, of the phthisical retreat from reality.

* * *

The first paper in this book is an appreciation of Montaigne, appropriately classified as *Experience* rather than as *Criticism*, because Mr. MacCarthy's philosophy is a humane Pyrrhonism very like Montaigne's. He points out that such scepticism is very different from the caustic and agonising doubts of that other congenital sceptic, Pascal. "He who takes for his motto, 'I doubt,' but is by no means sure even of that, is not a sceptic in Pascal's sense. Such a man will take probability as his guide, and doubt will not be an uneasy pillow for his head." And here is an example of this scepticism, Montaigne's and Mr. MacCarthy's, in action.

> The word "labour" in the political sense, to a man like me, is a word of mysterious significance. It suggests to me hopes for humanity, fears for much that makes life delightful for me, the righting of enormous wrongs and the infliction of many injuries on individuals with whom my nature is in sympathy, the possibility of a dull lustreless civilisation, but the only chance of a really noble and dignified one.

The Marxian will have no hesitation in calling these hesitations merely bourgeois, but then hesitation, the suspension of belief, is in itself an un-Marxian state of mind. But Mr. MacCarthy's words express admirably the artist's attitude to politics, an attitude which will survive even in the Communist State, unless culture is meanwhile suppressed; for the difference between the savage and the civilised man is that the latter does not attach undue weight either to his personal or to traditional conjectures. Evidently if everyone were like Mr. MacCarthy, there would be few revolutionary improvements in the ordering of society. But if everyone were like Mr. MacCarthy, would revolutionary improvements be wanted? It is the obtusity of the many which necessitates the fanaticism of the few.

* * *

But you must not suppose that Mr. MacCarthy is too wise to feel anger. He has, I believe, both French and German blood (and he is very French, I think, in his style and in many of his tastes), but he is primarily Irish; which means that certain injustices and, above all, certain hypocrisies ruffle his scepticism and whip him to indignation. He is specially disgusted by the behaviour of judges and magistrates; and the rebukes administered in this volume to Mr. Justice Avory, to Lord Cave, and to Sir Chartres Biron are scorifying in their calculated moderation. His account, again, of a typical war-conversation is a devastating picture of the subtler horrors of war. The prevailing climate of his writing, however, is genial: whether he is talking of Eton or wailing cats or chess or Chinese paintings or literary snobs or the unhappy crowds who dutifully wander round the winter exhibitions at Burlington House, he is appreciative and tolerant, because he is penetrating. (How well he chose his pseudonym of "Affable Hawk"!) And reading his book, you feel in the best imaginable company, for here is a very rare thing, wisdom entirely free from superiority or self-righteousness. *Experience* is dedicated to Clifford Sharp, as editor of THE NEW STATESMAN, and a number of papers in it appeared upon this page. What Mr. MacCarthy says about William Bolitho's work seems to me the fittest judgment upon his own—"It reminds one that Journalism also is an art."

RAYMOND MORTIMER

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'It is all very desperately charming. Pleasant too is the generous ease of Mr. Bray's account of their eventual imprisonment. "British Boys in Soviet Zone of Terror" ran a headline report. Beside the author's nonchalant good humour it seems comically hysterical . . . It is the same with the description of the journey, it is told with clear vigour and in good direct prose, its style admirably matching the achievement.' RALPH BATES 10s. 6d. net

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'The sheer beauty of his writing is enough to draw frequent exclamations of delight and surprise as one reads 'The Poacher.'
It is another of those ripe and balanced stories about firmly graved characters, of which Mr. Bates possesses the mastery.' TIME AND TIDE
'The Poacher' is as fresh and as moving as anything he has written. It is all admirably told.'
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LEO WALMSLEY

'I cannot ever remember reading so good and fascinating a rendering of what goes on in a boy's mind. Mr. Walmsley's triumph is that he has got himself back into the limited boy world, has readjusted himself once more to the crude boy values, and has recovered too the boy vernacular in which the book is written. It is a *tour de force* and it succeeds.'
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EVELYN HERBERT

'Miss Herbert's novel is one of actuality, but she pierces through the harsh exterior to the spirit within. All her characters, and they are many and varying, come successfully alive.' MORNING POST
'She exploits a fine sense of contrast in the way that indicates her as a genuine novelist.'
MANCHESTER GUARDIAN 7s. 6d. net

More Live than One; a novel J. E. C. BORNE

'An odd novel with distinction and beauty; it sets a spell upon the reader impelling him to follow the flight and fancies of a strange young woman, the widow of Trevelyan Kerr. Helen is a living person, singular and charming. Her past history is reconstructed briefly but with skill.'
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JONATHAN CAPE THIRTY BEDFORD SQUARE LONDON

POET AND FAKIR

"Not I, But the Wind. . . ." By FRIEDA LAWRENCE. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

"Here is Frieda Lawrence's own story of her life with D. H. Lawrence, beginning with their first meeting in 1912, telling of their elopement and marriage, the war years, their travels throughout the world, their days on the ranch in Taos, New Mexico, and their later life in Italy down to Lawrence's death at Venice in 1930." The book contains eighty-nine new letters from Lawrence to Frieda, to her mother and sister; several first drafts of poems and a "little-known" essay on the nightingale; snapshots "hitherto unpublished," etc., besides, of course, Frieda Lawrence's own narrative, tender, charming and in parts genuinely moving. It comes nearer to the spirit of Lawrence's writing—their intimacy is expressed mostly in touches of landscape—than any of the previous versions of the story. "This is not just another book about Lawrence," the publishers continue; and yet for me, alas, that is just what it is.

Through no fault of Mrs. Lawrence's, it comes as a belated instalment in *The Ring and the Book* of Lawrence reminiscences. *Pro, con* and *tertium quid*—how alike they all are, as though Lawrence had written them on off-days himself! We seem to remember the same photographs with the tender, almost wincing look of the eyes—Lawrence in a sombrero, Lawrence and Huxley squatting side by side, Lawrence writing at a table under a tree; the same delights and alarms of this extraordinary picnic. By repetition, the lesser figures have become comic, and to see them once more trotting through the glade—"Mr. Murry," "the Brett," Mabel Dodge Luhan and her Indian—as though in response to a ghostly encore—takes us back, however unwillingly, to the first act of *Patience*. Lawrence, in any case, is not an author of whom one can form a true impression at second-hand; without the contact of his writing, the magic disappears and we are left with the antics of the medicine-man.

Frieda Lawrence had the problem of giving in to him and at the same time of trying to act up to his principles. The "dark life," "the duty to the instincts," meant nearly always her duty to his instincts. Lawrence writes to his mother-in-law:

> I am no Jesus that lies on his mother's lap. I go my way through the world, and if Frieda finds it such hard work to love me, then, dear God, let her love rest, give it holidays. Oh, mother-in-law, you understand, as my mother finally understood, that a man doesn't want, doesn't ask for love from his wife, but for strength, strength, strength. To fight, to fight, to fight, and to fight again. And one needs courage and strength and weapons. And the stupid woman keeps on saying love, love, love, and writes of love. To the devil with love! Give me strength, battle-strength, weapon-strength, fighting strength, give me this, you woman!

First he accuses Frieda, then himself, of weakness; there is not perhaps more contradiction here than his doctrine usually contains. In his role of anti-Christ (he is a very minor Nietzsche), Lawrence and his little group of followers were curiously obsessed by the image of a bearded Jesus. It shows in small ways, the pose of a photograph, a sacramental touch of the hand, some incident which might have passed unnoticed. Frieda Lawrence writes:

> We stayed at Taormina in the heat and I remember when the mulberries were ripe and delicious and he climbed a big mulberry tree in his bathing-suit. The mulberries were so juicy and red and they ran down his body like one of those very realistic Christs we had seen on our walk across the Alps years ago.

And it is noticeable that Mr. Middleton Murry, the only one of his devotees who stood up against Lawrence, eagerly assumed the role of Judas ("I have betrayed you, old chap") at the famous Last Supper in the Café Royal when Lawrence was on the eve of leaving for Mexico. How far this Jesus-Judas business, which Lawrence afterwards repudiated, was due to Mr. Murry and how far to Lawrence himself, one cannot, of course, possibly say; but it adds a touch of pathetic caricature to the already battered figure of Lawrence as he appears in his own letters and in the hagiography of friends.

There were odd misunderstandings on both sides. Here is Frieda Lawrence:

> One day, in Munich, seeing all the elegant people in the streets I had an aristocratic fit. I bought some handkerchiefs with an *F* and a little crown on them. When I brought them home he said: "Now I'll draw *my* coat of arms." He drew a pickaxe, a school-board, a fountain pen with two lions rampant. "When they make me a Lord, which they never will," he said. Then, half jokingly, but I took it seriously: "Would you like me to become King of England?" I was distressed. "Isn't he satisfied, the whole universe is ours, does he want to be so dull a thing as a king?"

And Lawrence's manifestations of the dark life were sometimes unhinging:

> My daughter Barbara, now grown up, was coming to stay with me. She was coming for the first time. I was beside myself with joy to have her. I had not waited in vain for so many years and longed for these children. But Lawrence did not share my joy. One day at our evening meal came the outburst: "Don't you imagine your mother loves you," he said to Barby; "she doesn't love anybody, look at her false face." And he flung half a glass of red wine in my face.

It is the atmosphere of *holiness* with which these incidents are wrapped round that makes them comic or disgusting according to one's taste.

In the relations between writer and reader, genius has the advantage in every way except one: the reader is detached, he is a "spectator" in the sense recently given to this word by Mr. J. W. Dunne. Now, the more "spectators" a writer has in *himself*, the more proof he is against the reader seeing aspects of his work for which he has not allowed, and so appearing feeble or comic unawares. But with Lawrence there is no safeguard of this sort at all. Side by side with his magnificent poetic genius, and on equal terms with it, there exists a wild and falsetto self, the prophet of an inferior religion whose first tenet was that it is wrong to think; and without warning, this jack-in-the-box will suddenly burst from the page, scattering figures and whole landscapes, to shake its fist at the reader. G. W. STONIER

ECONOMIC PLANNING IN RUSSIA

Economic Planning in Soviet Russia. By BORIS BRUTZKUS. With a Foreword by F. A. HAYEK. *Routledge.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

This is a book by a Russian anti-Socialist, till lately stationed in Berlin, with a laudatory foreword by an Austrian anti-Socialist, now stationed in London. The first part of the book is a criticism of Marxian theory. It consists of lectures given and essays published in 1920–1922 in Leningrad and Moscow. In 1922 the author was ordered to leave the country. He has, therefore, been absent from Russia for more than twelve not uneventful years. The second part of the book is a criticism of Soviet practice, and especially of the First Five Year Plan. This is based, not on first-hand observation or experience, but on reading and theorising at a distance. It is a more academic version of the Riga Correspondent of the *Times*.

The first part of the book is an attack, on familiar lines, on the labour theory of value, and on the conception of a state of "natural Socialism," from which the use of money has been entirely eliminated. With this state of affairs, which in the author's view "necessarily leads the economic system towards catastrophe," is contrasted the "process of price formation" under Capitalism. By means of this process, "in spite of the fact that Capitalism has neither theme nor plan, the needs of the community are satisfied with the greatest regularity." It is very curious that remarks of this kind should still be made.

Mr. Brutzkus is ill-read in the modern literature of Socialism outside Russia. He makes, and several times repeats, the statement that "in other countries Socialism is still thought of as a system with a no-money basis," and that "foreigners," i.e., non-Russians, "still prefer to think of Socialism as a 'natural' system of economy." This is an ignorant error. No living British Socialist of any importance proposes to abolish money. Nor do competent Socialist economists in other countries. Nor is the Marxian theory of value the practical basis of modern Socialist constructions, not even in the Soviet Union of to-day. This part of the book, therefore, has no great interest or actuality. The second part is more realistic. But the short phase of "War-Communism" is better described in Mr. Dobb's *Russian Economic Development* than here. And Mr. Brutzkus deals only briefly with the succeeding phase of the New Economic Policy. The next phase, that of General Planning, including a planned system of money and prices, occupies about half the book. Mr. Brutzkus is quite correct in emphasising that the Marxian writings throw no real light on the problems of planning. This admission has been made to me in conversation by Soviet economists. Such problems are to-day being attacked empirically in the Soviet Union. Let us not pride ourselves that "muddling through" is a peculiarly British exercise. The teachings of Marx are coming

The Reign of King George V

An English Chronicle by D. C. Somervell

In May, 1935, King George V completes the twenty-fifth year of his reign—a reign unparalleled in our history. In this book Mr. Somervell gives, with admirable wit and dramatic sense, the full sweep of this remarkable quarter century. *Recommended by the Book Guild.* **12/6**

My Next Bride

a novel by Kay Boyle

'It has moved me more than any novel I have read for several years . . . It takes the reader to the very bottom of human experience. It contains scenes of unforgettable humour.'—Geoffrey Faber. 7/6

Jock of the Islands

by John Cromar

A fascinating account of early days in the South Seas when the islands were in an entirely savage state. Mr. Cromar's story combines accurate observation, light-hearted adventure and pagan comedy. The 16 photographs are particularly good. 8/6

The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze

William Saroyan

'I think he may become the Artist of the future . . . I read this book with a most vivid enjoyment.' —John Collier: *Daily Telegraph.* 'Saroyan's stories are like nothing I have ever read—they are a new kind of living.—Kay Boyle. 'The best short story writer since O. Henry.'—Christopher Morley. 7/6

Pigeon Hoo

Franklin Lushington

'A delightful narrative told in English as pure and vigorous as the air that blows over the Kentish Weald. No false note jars'—Helen Thomas: *Sunday Times. Recommended by the Book Society.* 7/6

Rico, bandit and dictator

A novel by de Fierro Blanco

'A most engaging book full of brilliant witty stuff. Rico is a superb character.'—A. C. Macdonell *Bystander.* Do not miss it. It amused me hugely and I wish it success.'—Ralph Straus: *Sunday Times.* 7/6

The Exemplary Mr. Day

by Sir Samuel Scott

recommended by the Book Society

This very interesting book is described by its author as the story of a virtuous idealist in search of a paragon for a wife and of his reward at the seventh attempt. Day, the author of *Sandford and Merton,* was a man of considerable gifts, obscured by the most absurd, yet solemn, extravagances and the story of his life has made a 'diverting and altogether charming book' (George Gordon: *Book Society News*). *Illustrated.* 8/6

Return to Philosophy

C. E. M. Joad

'Wit and broad humour and solid argument are well mixed in this volume: It is the liveliest essay in philosophy that we have met for some time.' —*Manchester Guardian* 7/6

Mistress of Mistresses

E. R. Eddison

A superb imaginative romance by the author of *The Worm Ouroboros:* ('From whatever heaven Mr. Eddison comes he has added a masterpiece to English literature.'—James Stephens.) *With decorations by Keith Henderson.* 10/6

Self-Subsistence for the Unemployed

J. W. Scott

'An extremely practical record of an experiment which has been tried and proved successful on a small scale.'—*New English Weekly.* 'May well lead to the re-ordering of our whole thinking about the most desperate social question of our time.'—*British Weekly.* 6/-

FABER & FABER

to bear somewhat the same remote and ceremonial relationship to the practice of the Soviet Planned Economy as the teachings of Christ have long borne to the practice of Capitalism. They are quoted with reverence, and interpreted with ingenuity. But they are not allowed to interfere unduly with the day's work.

The bias of Mr. Brutzkus, both as individualist economist and emigré, against the Soviet system sticks out from every page of this account. This lack of objectivity much diminishes its value. His personal preference, as an economic theorist for the "rationality," and as a citizen for the political toleration, of the good old Tsarist days, is frequently expressed. He cannot, of course, deny the enormous increase, under the First Five Year Plan, in the capital equipment of the country, notably in heavy industry and electric power plants. But he finds in his programme an "unbalanced emphasis upon the future." He has very little to say about the Second Five Year Plan, except that "the plans are very strained," that they propose "a further enormous expansion of the most important branches of heavy industry" and "promise a very considerable improvement in the standard of living." The "prospects of a private economy," he thinks, are "not favourable," and he disbelieves in the undertaking to abolish the "primitive and abhorrent institution" of rationing consumptive foods. Since this disbelief was expressed, it appears that bread rationing has, in fact, been discontinued.

Mr. Brutzkus admits that in 1927–1928, the last year before the First Five Year Plan came into force, nearly half the industrial workers were unemployed, and that, as the Plan advanced, unemployment disappeared and was succeeded by a "scarcity of labour," although "in a short time the number of Russian (industrial) workers has been doubled." But he thinks that "the development of unemployment is hardly of significance in forming a judgment about Russian economic policy." He attaches more importance to "rural over-population," which he considers has now "taken on a catastrophic character."

For a book which quotes so many names and facts, it is a serious defect that it lacks an index. And there is a ridiculous passage (pp. 39–40) in which we read that "a skilled English workman, the member of a Trade Union, is accustomed to eat beefsteak with a glass of beer," but "might rather have a frock-coat than a further increase in the size of his dwelling." This flight of fancy may be due either to incompetent translation, or to research into British working-class habits through the medium of selected Victorian photographs.

This book is quite unworthy of its theme. The problems of economic planning in Soviet Russia are full of fascination, both theoretical and practical. But unfortunately a number of causes at present combine to hinder the outside world from clearly understanding and intelligently discussing them.

HUGH DALTON

CHAMPAGNE AND PONIES

Ego. The Autobiography of James Agate. *Hamish Hamilton.* 18*s.*

There is more about the theatre than other things in James Agate's autobiography, but the title I have set at the head of this review of it stands. Without the champagne and the ponies there would have been none of the theatre. There would, indeed, have been no book, no real James Agate. Both are part of the essential man, explain his *verve*, his gusto (if he can still forgive the word), his florid personality. Ponies especially. When I first knew him (which was when he first invaded London, seeking fame and tempting fortune) he looked to my inexperienced eye much more like a successful coachman than a would-be successful dramatic critic. He may have had all Hazlitt and Balzac on the end of his pen, but what he had on the end of his nose was pure Sam Weller. The champagne was to come later. In those days it was coffee essence out of a chipped mug with condensed milk and no spoon.

But his prose! At that time of my apprenticeship it wizened me with despairing envy (and that although I have never been what you might call a full-blooded admirer of the Manchester school). The coffee, poisonous at any time, would be doubly undrinkable on Tuesdays, for that was the day on which his *Saturday Review* theatre article had to be finished, and this meant ardours and endurances prolonged throughout the day and on into the small hours, labouring portentously to produce twelve hundred words of sparkling spontaneity while the coffee congealed, turned green. It is greatly to Agate's credit—and has much, I fancy, to do with his success—that to this day, according to records dotted through his diary (his friends will testify to their truth) he still takes the same close care with his theatre notices, writing and re-writing, short-circuiting and trepanning, as he did when he was first working to make a place for himself in criticism. A critic of integrity can never be satisfied with less than the best that is in him. When a man after eighteen years of it will still cudgel his mind and his pen for a dozen hours on end in order to produce fifteen hundred words on an ephemeral playwright, the result is bound to be worth reading, or he would have dropped out of the running long ago! You may call Agate's style artificial, mannered, involved, whatever it has been called a hundred times by those who disapprove of it; but you have to admit that his criticism contains what Rossetti called "fundamental brain-work." In point of style his autobiography is straightforward. I have said he resembled Sam Weller. There are places in this book where one discovers that he can not only look like a Dickens character, but talk like one. (*Vide* his description of Herbert Sidebotham on the racecourse at Ostend—sheer Pickwick). No writer's personal appearance can ever have less resembled his literary style than Agate's in relation to his column in the *Sunday Times*.

The champagne he excuses (it is interesting that he feels it requires excuse) on the ground that it provides the stimulus to the wit by which he lives ("Must have lots of champagne." "Am dead without it." "Pint of Bollinger"—his pages are littered with empties). He holds by the common-sense philosophy that what a man puts into life he is entitled to take out, and that since he himself puts in somewhere in the neighbourhood of half a million words a year, not to mention several hundreds of hours sitting in theatres, he is justified in his bottles of fizz, his ponies, his impossible transactions with car-dealers, his incredibly costly economies. That all these land him in difficulties, almost on one occasion in gaol; that his life for the past two decades appears from his account of it to have been one prolonged financial crisis punctuated by the popping of corks and the ping of golf-balls matters little—or rather, very much. It is all part of him and one doubts whether he would be really happy or successful if his temperamental steed were deprived of these spurs. From the first he has always been extravagantly self-indulgent, and his relations, apparently, always a family of wits. As a youth he ordered a pair of shoes from the King's bootmakers and justified them to his family "on the plea that they were the exact shape of my feet." His brother Edward "looked up from some Russian opera he was translating" and said: "What the hell! Are they the shape of the King's feet?"

Like all egotists he is preoccupied with thoughts of extinction and immortality. "La gloire est le soleil des morts": he quotes this at least twice. On this theme he can be morbidly introspective, but he can also be funny, remarking how his friend Edgar Baerlein had once worked out the odds against a future life and made them to be "a shade worse than five to two." He can laugh at himself as well as at others, and can feel with others too. Few things come through this autobiography called *Ego* more strikingly than its author's affectionate concern for his friends, his generosity, fitful but spontaneous. Somewhere he remarks that we can all have generous impulses, the difficulty is to carry them out. On page 183 one finds him worrying at his selfishness on the way home in the car from Bournemouth because he has sat in front the whole week-end while his friend George Bishop has sat in the dickey saying that "he prefers it." Some pages later we find him recording, without comment, how he himself sat in the dickey discoursing at fifty miles an hour with his secretary who occupied the front seat. Am I mistaken in finding this revealing?

The book is divided into two halves, the first—"I make my bed"—being mostly narrative. The second—"I lie on it"—is a diary kept from June, 1932, to July last year. With his diary Agate challenges comparison with Arnold Bennett. The two men have a good deal in common, especially a kind of fundamental naivete of approach to life, and excitement over small worldly things. Of the two diaries, if I must choose, I prefer Agate's. No man was more alive than Bennett, but there was something about his aliveness which made him so preoccupied with *calculation* about the affair that his diaries lack a shade of the spontaneity which makes this one so human and amusing. The book as a whole contains as many good stories as I remember to have found between single covers anywhere.

GERALD BARRY

SEPTEMBER 13

Je t'envoye une lettre de ton père, je l'ai ouverte par mégarde...

OCTOBER 22

J'ai abandonné Moscou après avoir fait sauter le Kremlin...

JUNE 30

Je t'envie du bonheur que tu vas avoir d'embrasser le petit roi...

MAY 2

Il (Marshal Bessières) était allé aux tirailleurs sans bonne raison, le premier boulet l'a tué raide...

A gap in the history of France has been filled—the real Napoleon stands revealed—the letters Frederic Masson mourned as lost, have been found.

BEGIN THEM NEXT WEDNESDAY IN

The Daily Telegraph

Napoleon's personal letters to Marie Louise now translated into English.

MOSTLY IMPROBABLE

The Hobgoblin Murder. By KAY CLEAVER STRAHAN. *Methuen.* 7s. 6d.

Obelists Fly High. By C. DALY KING. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.

Death Follows a Formula. By NEWTON GAYLE. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

The Body in the Bunker. By HERBERT ADAMS. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.

The Corpse in the Car. By JOHN RHODE. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.

After the Fact. By ALAN BROCK. *Ivor Nicholson and Watson.* 7s. 6d.

How much rope is the average detective story reader prepared to allow an author before the criminal swings at the end of it? My own preference is for the shortest rope (in the sense of author's frills and fancies), and the widest noose, gradually closing in until only one neck will fit. But although economy in rope certainly does not appear to suit the taste of the general public, judging by the novels that are served up, yet there must come a point when even the most tolerant reader dashes the book to the ground, saying, "It makes no sense!" And I suspect that this phenomenon occurs considerably more often than the smugness of authors anticipates. For our successful writers are reluctant to strain our credulity, whereas the propounders of the most preposterous conundrums I have ever read have never to my knowledge made a second appearance in print. Take the stock improbabilities one bumps up against in detective stories. It is quite likely that every human being who deliberately takes the life of another human being can be counted mad in some degree. This is greatly to the author's advantage, if he cares to use it, because he can always leave the reader in doubt whether the crime is actuated by a sane motive or an insane one. But he must expect to meet with widespread resentment if he goes one better and steeps his whole plot in a welter of lunatics. One murderer mad should be enough for any plot.

The fundamental objection to *Obelists Fly High* is the ubiquity of homicidal maniacs. It is a most exciting story of an eminent New York surgeon who receives a death threat, "You will die April Thirteenth noon exactly Central time," when he is about to fly across the continent to save the life of his even more eminent brother, the Secretary of State. Mr. Daly King's detective, Michael Lord, accompanies the surgeon in the aeroplane, having guarded, as he thinks, against all eventualities. But there is one eventuality that no detective ought to be called upon to guard against, and that is being double-crossed by his author and provided with an asylum outfit in his fellow-passengers. These transcontinental trips that Mr. Daly King is so fond of—we were in a train last time in *Obelists En Route*—are invariably thrilling, and no one should be put off from reading the book, however much they may gnash their teeth at the solution.

Another of these venerable defects crops up both in *The Hobgoblin Murder* and *The Body in the Bunker*, the improbability of physical disguises being successful. It is invaluable to an author in difficulties, but it goes against the reader's grain for the villain to be able to pass as the detective or for a son not to know his own mother if she wears a red wig and dark spectacles. On the stage the device is as old as the stage itself, but there it is a comic device and the audience is not meant to be taken in. But in a detective story, where the intention is to deceive not only the actors but the audience as well, the effect ceases to be comic, and is merely exasperating. Mrs. Strahan's book is only mildly vitiated by this claim on our ingenuousness and her plot is a triumph of deception. Although Torquemada claims in the *Observer* that he penetrated the deceit without difficulty, I do not think many of us will emulate him. The eldest of three old maiden ladies living in an old mansion in California is found with her throat cut and a candle alight at her bedside. As she is a detestable old woman any of the inmates of the house might have killed her, but only the candle provides Lynn Macdonald with the conclusive evidence. *The Body in the Bunker* describes the fate of an unpleasant character on a golf links, with many pages of redundant love-scenes between the detective and a pretty suspect. There is a sad lack of character among the members of the golf club, and I fear Mr. Adams is more interested by his lovers than by his criminal.

Death Follows a Formula looks like a Foreign Office spare-time job, the most realistic pages of the book being those describing the interior of that building. The rest is a wild extravaganza on the theme of a murdered inventor and the theft of his precious formula that will (naturally) revolutionise the world. Mr. Rhode has written a humdrum, workaday book in *The Corpse in the Car*. He belongs to the English school of Freeman Wills Crofts, with which it is impossible to find technical fault. Superintendent Hanslet and Professor Priestley investigate in the most meticulous fashion the death of an old lady sitting alone in a car in Windsor Park, listening to her wireless: but it does take a long time before the Professor discovers the cause of death. Mr. Rhode made a spurt in *Shot At Dawn*, but he is now reeling off the laps at his old pace.

It is difficult to realise that *After the Fact* is a detective story when reading it, the style seems somehow uninfected by crime and quite like that of an ordinary novel. Perhaps that is why I find it hard to memorise who did actually shoot the charming, inoffensive wife of a retired colonel in a summer-house for a totally inadequate reason, while I have a vivid picture of life on a P. and O. liner going out to India. RALPH PARTRIDGE

THE MARXIAN METHOD

The Class Struggles in France, 1848-1850. By KARL MARX. *Martin Lawrence.* 3s. 6d.

Ludwig Feuerbach and the Outcome of Classical German Philosophy. By FRIEDRICH ENGELS. *Martin Lawrence.* 3s. 6d.

Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels Correspondence, 1846-1895. A Selection with Commentary and Notes. *Martin Lawrence.* 12s. 6d.

Marx-Engels Marxism. A Collection of Articles by V. I. LENIN. *Martin Lawrence.* 5s.

The publication of the Marxian sacred scriptures in English is now proceeding at a fair pace under the auspices of Messrs. Martin Lawrence. Here we have four more volumes in the series which they have been issuing now for some years. All four are of importance in that they make accessible in English works previously either not accessible at all or published only in incomplete or unsatisfactory form. *The Class Struggles in France* belongs to the famous group of books in which Marx and Engels analysed the course and outcome of the revolutionary struggles in Europe in 1848 and the following years. It goes with *The Eighteenth Brumaire of Napoleon Bonaparte* and *Revolution and Counter-Revolution in Germany*, and points forward to Marx's well-known study of the Paris Commune, *The Civil War in France*. Engels' *Feuerbach* contains by far the best account of the development of his and Marx's mind from Hegelianism to their own theory of Dialectical Materialism; for Feuerbach's materialist criticism and development of Hegel is an essential intermediate link in the growth of the Marxist point of view. More important still is the long series of letters—there are some 1,300 of them in all—exchanged by Marx and Engels with various correspondents between the middle 'forties and the end of their lives. Of these only a small selection is here presented, but even this fills up a volume of more than 500 pages, and certainly no reader who has not read at least that amount of the letters can claim really to have mastered Marxism in all its essential aspects. Finally we have a volume of essays and articles on Marxism by Lenin, opening with his well-known study of Marxism written for a Russian encyclopaedia, which has been previously published in English, but also including a good many important shorter articles which have not been previously available to the English reader.

Of these four volumes the most important of all is the selected correspondence. Produced under Communist auspices, this selection shows many traces of its provenance, and it has been edited after the manner of the faithful with dogmatic little footnotes which put everybody who ever disagreed with either Marx or Engels decisively in his place—in particular all Socialists who are not Marxists are neatly ticked off, generally under the heading of *petits bourgeois*. These notes, however, do not interfere with the value of the letters themselves, which form an indispensable guide to the development of Marx's outlook. The doctrine of Marx and Engels is, indeed, one which cannot be understood by studying it merely as a theory in the ordinary sense. For it is an essential part of Marxism that it should be treated primarily as a method. The truth of it can be tested only by its practical

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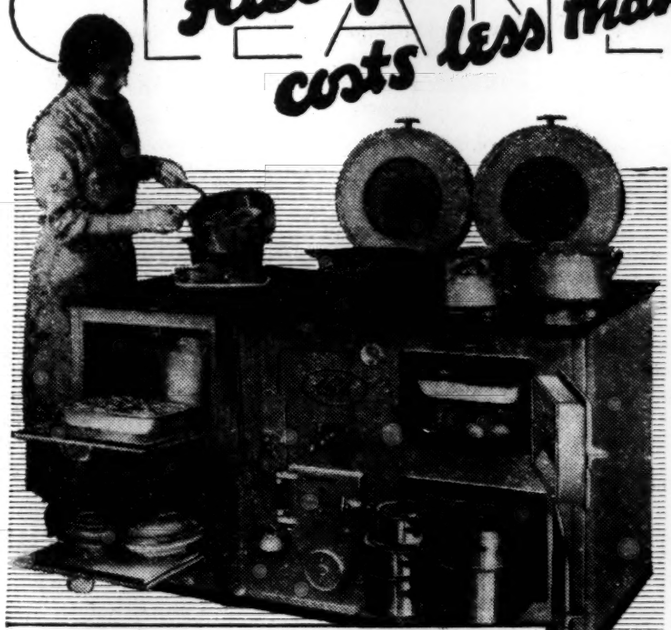

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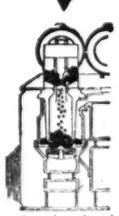

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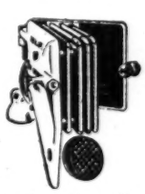

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working out in relation to concrete historical situations. For this reason it is easier to get at the heart of Marxism by reading *The Civil War in France* or the present volume on *The Class Struggles in France* than from his massive *Capital;* and the Marxian method as distinct from the Marxian system can often be better understood from the letters which Marx and Engels exchanged both with each other and with other leaders of the European Socialist movement over a period of fifty years than from their more theoretical works. This does not mean that the student of Marxism can afford not to read Marx's *Capital* or Engels' *Anti-Dühring;* but it does mean that anyone who confines his reading to these latter works will be in danger of misinterpreting Marxism by exalting the dogma over the method.

Engels' *Feuerbach* is to some extent a bridge between the more theoretical and the more practical of the Marxian writings. Feuerbach would now be remembered by few had it not been for his involuntary contribution to the building up of Marxism. Marx, as has often been said, built up Dialectical Materialism by inverting Hegel's Idealist Dialectic. But he did more than that. For he also socialised it. The inversion was already largely present in Feuerbach, who set Marx on the track of Dialectical Materialism by asserting against Hegel the primacy of things experienced over thought. But in Feuerbach the thing experienced remains a thing and not an element in the social background, and the experience itself is understood in purely individualist terms without reference to its social content. What Marx and Engels did was to take Feuerbach's Materialism as a starting point and develop on the basis of it a social Materialism which denied the intelligibility of the content of human consciousness until it was regarded as a social consciousness of an ordered world of social processes and forces.

In the *Correspondence* Marx and Engels can be seen feeling their way from Feuerbach to this new position; but it is also important to realise that Engels at any rate was concerned towards the end of his life, in replying to the criticisms levelled at Marxism, to point out that he and Marx had been constantly misunderstood. They had asserted the primacy of economic forces among the social forces which moulded the course of human development; but they had never asserted that the economic forces operated alone, or that other forces were of no avail. On the contrary, Engels asserted strongly that juridical, political and ideological forces were capable of exercising a profound though secondary influence, and criticised sharply those who pretended to discover in the movement of the economic forces the clue of all the events of history.

Lenin, despite his exaltation in these days to the status of a thinker side by side with Marx and Engels, really added little or nothing to the Marxian doctrine. What he did was to restate Marxism in face of the grotesque misunderstandings and misinterpretations of it which were current among Social Democrats and others wearing the Marxian label. For there can be no doubt that in the controversy over Marxism between Lenin and the Social-Democratic leaders, such as Kautsky, Lenin was utterly in the right—to the extent to which the quarrel turned upon what Marx had really said. What Lenin did was not to expand or alter the Marxian doctrine, but to take it over just as it was, extracting from it just those elements which Parliamentary Social Democracy had half-consciously and half-unconsciously suppressed. Where Lenin was a great original force was not in designing new doctrines, but in following out Marx's method of applying the Dialectic to the historical development of his own time. Lenin's most important writings, therefore, are not those in which he develops his theoretical position—save to the extent to which it is an important service to have restated Marxism clearly and without equivocation—but rather those in which he is commenting upon contemporary events and shaping contemporary policy in its light. Marxism unaltered served Lenin, under the conditions of contemporary Russia, well enough as a guide to current practice. For Russia was still in a condition to which the Marxian doctrine as well as the Marxian method could be applied almost without modification. Lenin was far less at home in handling the problems of Western Europe; for these called for an adaptation of the Marxian doctrine before they could become susceptible of being handled in accordance with the Marxian method.

The danger revealed in these four books, as far as the editing of them is concerned, clearly is that, despite the constant warnings of Marx and Engels themselves, the Marxian doctrine rather than the Marxian method is now received in revolutionary Russia as the sacred gospel which must on no account be assailed. This attitude makes the Communist interpretation fatally unacceptable in the West. But the books themselves, apart from the comments of their editors, point clearly, by their repeated warnings against making Marxism a dogma and their repeated insistence that the method is more fundamental than the doctrine, to the need for a rational reinterpretation of Marxism in the light of the real class divisions and social structures of contemporary Western countries.

G. D. H. COLE

THE THING THAT COUNTS

Love on the Dole. RONALD GOW and WALTER GREENWOOD. *Cape.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Seven Plays. ERNST TOLLER. *Lane.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Love On the Dole is a play delivered by Ronald Gow and Walter Greenwood out of a novel of the same name. It was either dead before it was taken from the belly of the novel, or the two drama surgeons killed it as they were taking it out. There isn't a character in it worth a curse, and there isn't a thought in it worth remembering. It is a dead thing from the head down and from the feet up. Each act of the play is honoured with such bracketed titles as "The Gods Defied," "Worship in High Places," "Catastrophe," and "Resurrection." Curious gods, indeed, and highbrow worship on Hampstead Heath. The catastrophe consists of the death of the hero by a blow from a policeman's baton as he is leading a demonstration of the unemployed, and if ever a bobby did a thing worthy to be counted unto him for righteousness, he did it when, with a welt from his baton, he put an end to the life of Larry Meath.

The jacket round the book of the play carries medals of praise on its breast given by a squad of critics to the novel from which the play is taken. Laski calls it "a superb novel"; the Bishop of Durham tells us that "it is remarkable and poignant"; and the *Spectator* says that the book is written with "vivid clarity; a gesture, a turn of speech, a cough, and the whole man lives." Well, if the novel isn't a hell of a sight better than the play, then these critics and this bishop deserve to meet the fate, and be finished by a policeman with a heavier baton than that which put an end to Larry Meath. As it is in the play, a gesture, a turn of speech, a cough, and the whole man dies. Touching on the first production of *Love on the Dole* in London, the *Star* tells us that "Labour Leaders are taking considerable interest in the event, and are to turn up in force." They would. This is the sort of stuff to give them. The Proletariat looking up and the Labour Leaders looking down. This is the kind of drama pap that will make them feverish and make them fat. Ernst Toller in the Introduction he writes to his Seven Plays hisses at the practice of patronage that artists enjoyed in days gone by, and that this patronage made the artist forget "that it was not his task to serve the tastes of the day, but to serve the eternal powers of life—truth, joy, beauty, freedom, the mind and the spirit." Beauty, truth, and justice have different shapes to different minds. We see to-day how artists are condemned for finding Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt. Crowds scan the statue of Peter Pan, and smear with tar the Rima done by Epstein. The truth as it is in Christ Jesus—is it to be found in the Pope and his Cardinals; in the Archbishop of Canterbury and his Convocation; or in Evangeline Booth eked out with a word or two from Lord Rothermere? And is justice to be vindicated by Black Shirts kicking the bellies out of the Red Shirts, or by Red Shirts kicking the bellies out of the Black Shirts? Oh, what has the artist got to do with the honest and careful reconciliation of these things? He is above the kings and princes of this world, and he is above the Labour Leaders and Proletariat, too. And under the patronage that draws a hiss from Toller many of the greatest and finest works of art were born. Under the patronage of the Proletariat we have got, so far—as far as the drama is concerned—such things as "Singing Jailbirds," a terrible thing, from Upton Sinclair; *Love on the Dole* from Ronald Gow and Walter Greenwood, and seven Soviet plays from Russia. No, the artist is answerable only to himself and his work is for those finer minds among men who hold varying views upon all other things.

Now a word or two about Ernst Toller and his *Seven Plays*—a holy number, and in many ways a holy book. They are published by John Lane, and the book costs 8*s.* 6*d.*, and it is well worth the money. Of the seven plays, *Masses And Men* and *The Machine Wreckers* are the best, I think, but each has something to say, and all have in them that fierce outcry against the world's woe that is the strongest and shrillest note in every

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song that Toller has to sing. Here are plays for the modern theatre whether one likes them or not; whether they glorify one's pant for politics, or whether they provoke one to a hasty and hot condemnation of their implication. Each play is a serious reflection from a worthy and intelligent dramatist on the impact with which life has shaken him and made him reel, but still has left him standing on his feet. And all the plays are coloured deeply—some of them recklessly—with the imagery of a poet's mind. Almost all the plays cry out against, and cry in screams, what Toller thinks to be an inadequate social system for the working-class, and who to-day cannot see that the present system will allow few souls to go back clean to God? But this present social system inadequate to the need of the worker is just as inadequate to the need of the rich. We all walk in its slime whether we go barefoot or go with feet sheltered in satin shoes. In the scene of the Stock Exchange in *Masses And Men*, while the bankers and brokers are bidding, one of them says:

Third Banker: Did you hear?
A mine disaster it seems.
People in want.

Fourth Banker: Then I suggest
A charitable entertainment,
A dance around the desk of the Exchange.
A dance to cope with want;
The proceeds to the poor,
Gentlemen, if you please,
A dance.

These who hold out hollowed hands to gather in such flimsy help are in need no more than those who think they give out life from charity.

But Toller's a dramatist, and that's the thing that counts. England will be striding nearer to a finer drama when Toller has his London season. That dawn seems to be a long way off, for, as I write, in London, and, probably all over England, of all the plays presented there are but three or four that can be said to come within the circle of drama, and of these, one was written by an Irishman, and the other two were written hundreds of years ago.

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Saraband for Dead Lovers. By HELEN SIMPSON. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

No Through Road. By CLIFFORD J. DRUCE. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Land Under England. By JOSEPH O'NEILL. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Now in November. By JOSEPHINE JOHNSON. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

American Earth. By ERSKINE CALDWELL. *Secker.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Is it the general sense of insecurity—a feeling of impermanence, of one tradition after another slipping away through our hands—that has induced so many thoughtful and industrious modern novelists to take refuge in long, long books, as carefully compiled as an official report, which deal with the solidest aspects of family life? The reviewer *malgré lui* becomes a family man. Seldom a week passes when he is not invited to attend some large family gathering, to assist at protracted and, now and then, exceedingly tedious domestic squabbles, or to investigate the splendours and miseries of the conjugal alcove. Among the novels listed above, two are family chronicles written at inordinate length and with uncommon minuteness; while a third, *Young Pasquier*, forms part of a trilogy. Neither M. Mazeline nor Mr. James Hanley have the knack of compressing their material into the compass of a short book; and, whereas Mr. Hanley's story of working-class life in a northern sea-port town runs to five hundred and forty-nine spacious and closely printed pages, M. Mazeline's *dramatis personæ*—a family of wealthy French bourgeois, living in Havre—demand no less than seven hundred and seventy-five, even bigger and more densely packed with print, to reach the tragic consummation of the novelist's theme.

Both books describe a conflict within the family. *The Wolves*, a translation of the novel that won the Prix Goncourt in 1932, introduces us to the Jobourgs and particularly to Maximilian Jobourg, who has inherited wealth but is fast drifting towards the Niagara of a financial ruin. His mother, who adores him, is prepared to hasten the catastrophe, in order to separate him from the wife whom she detests. Maximilian is a vague and improvident person; and his sons, each in his own way, are as restless and unpractical as their father. . . . Though much too long, *The Wolves* is a readable and, certainly, a very well written book. Its texture has a kind of richness that I do not find in *The Furys;* yet there is no doubt that this comparatively prosaic and quiet-toned story is a vast improvement on the sensational and blood-curdling novels with which Mr. Hanley made his name.

It has little of their truculence and brutality. The Furys are hard-working matter-of-fact people, Denny Fury being an ex-seaman, now employed on the railway, Mrs. Fury the devoted mother of four children. Her favourite is the youngest, Peter, once intended for the priesthood; and the book closes with an account of Mrs. Fury's shame, rage and mortification when she learns that he has been engaged in a love affair with his brother Desmond's wife. . . . Inevitably, the picture of Mrs. Fury, proud, possessive matriarch, reminds us of the portrait of Mrs. Morel in *Sons and Lovers*. The comparison is not altogether to Mr. Hanley's advantage; for, in spite of the energy and intelligence that he has put into his book, it lacks the poetic scope of Lawrence's masterpiece—the Furys are unconvincing beside the Morels. We are not aware of the curious relationship that unites a family as intimately as if we ourselves were part of the household.

Both *The Furys* and *The Wolves* deal with a mother of the best—and also of the worst—type, the kind of mother whose devotion may raise her children to a level far beyond her own, or whose love may reduce them to moral servitude. In *Young Pasquier*, the father reasserts himself. M. Pasquier, whose character has been sketched by M. Duhamel in the course of a previous narrative, is the delight and pride but, at the same time, the chief tribulation of his impoverished family. "A man who has tried everything," when the story opens, his enthusiasm has turned towards medicine and he is working for his diploma, which he hopes to gain within the next two years. Meanwhile, his family must pinch and scrape. His wife contends with duns and bailiffs,

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knowing all the time that her husband is grossly unfaithful; and, in *Young Pasquier*, his son Laurent makes the same discovery. M. Pasquier himself is brilliantly drawn; but a French schoolboy is always calculated to inspire discomfort.

Notwithstanding its title, *Saraband for Dead Lovers* is an exceptionally vivid and straightforward book. An historical novel, it follows the career of the Princess Sophia-Dorothea, married to the German princeling who afterwards became George I of England. The tale of her disastrous flirtation with Count von Königsmark is well known; and Miss Simpson has been at great pains to reconstruct the background of a small German court, its magnificence, its brutality and its squalor. The only disadvantage of Miss Simpson's narrative method is that the reader is seldom allowed to pause and draw breath. The style is keyed up to a pitch of intense drama from beginning to end; and when the Baroness von Platen, wife of the Prime Minister and mistress of the Duke of Hanover, emerges from her bedroom to peruse an important note, we are told that "stale paint lay patched on her cheeks and mouth; her eyes were crusted with sleep, lidded like a snake's, but bright; the face drowsily lovely"—Medusa with a night-cap instead of serpents! Few real women are so wicked or so dramatic that they look wicked before they have had time to adjust their make-up.

While Miss Simpson derives a fantastic and exciting story from her knowledge of the past, Mr. Druce and Mr. O'Neill situate their fantasies in the present day. *No Through Road* is very nearly a success; but Mr. Druce's method, like that of Miss Simpson, is slightly too staccato, and his story of a car-load of belated travellers who spend the night in a lonely farm, hard by a desolate wood known to the neighbouring yokels as Calamity Clump, never quite overcomes the reader's scepticism. Strange things happen during the night. . . . Magnetised by the sinister atmosphere of their lodging and by the personality of its queer tormented inmate, Lambert Harwell, the characters drop their masks. Their tongues are loosened and they confess that not one of them is what he pretends, or wishes, to be. Next morning, they are ashamed of their indiscreet utterances the night before. Harwell is murdered. . . . Mr. Druce attempts to reach that delicate borderline where fantasy and reality are inseparable; but both personages and situation seem a trifle awkward. He does his best; but they never really come to life, and *No Through Road* remains an interesting failure.

Land Under England is phantasmagoric. Only once during the last six years, its publishers tell us, have they claimed genius for a book; and this claim they now repeat on behalf of Mr. James O'Neill, whose narrative deals with adventures in a subterranean kingdom approached by a passage beneath the Roman Wall. Like Alice, the hero tumbles into wonderland through a long underground burrow. Like Alice, he picks himself up on a heap of something soft. . . . Thence, armed with a clasp knife, an electric torch and small packet of sandwiches, he gropes his darkling way through a chaotic region, peopled by gigantic toads and monstrous spiders, and dimly illuminated by phosphorescent fungi and a sort of Aurora Borealis which glimmers and flashes overhead. Eventually, he reaches the realms of political satire. Here is a nightmare of modern dictatorship, a land of robot-beings who perform their tasks with soulless and blighted efficiency, who never speak and show no signs of human emotion. *Land Under England* is a good adventure story. As for genius. . . . Well, I mean to say . . .

Now in November and *American Earth* are devoted to the soil and those who are unlucky enough to till it. *Now in November*, the work of a novelist of twenty-four, describes in a slow, intense, poetic style the existence of a family of American farmers, contending against drought, poverty and sickness; while *American Earth* is anecdotal and picaresque. This volume of short stories is an earlier production than that delightful volume, *We Are the Living*, and the effect it makes is cruder and more fragmentary. Mr. Erskine Caldwell is an extraordinarily accomplished story-teller; but *American Earth* reveals his talent in the malleable stage.

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The Cardinal's Niece. By FAITH COMPTON MACKENZIE. *Secker.* 10s. 6d.

Cardinal Mazarin was blessed with a bevy of beautiful and witty nieces, the *mazarinettes* of contemporary France. It was part of his policy to use them as pawns to secure his power, endowing them richly and marrying them off as he thought best. One of them only caused him any serious trouble and that was Marie Mancini, the subject of this entertaining biography. Her father, who was well read in astrology (he predicted correctly the dates of his own death and that of his wife), prophesied that she would cause nothing but trouble all her life. And in this, too, the stars did not let him down. As a young girl she did not shine at the French court: being considered by her mother ungainly and ugly, she was hidden away so that no shadow might darken the brightness of the young *Roi Soleil*. But Louis, when he at last came across her, found her very much to his taste; and there can be no doubt that this was his first serious affair. At the time Mazarin was arranging a marriage for him with Spain. Marie was banished to La Rochelle, and her troublesome career could be said to have begun. With her went two sisters, Hortense and Marianne. All three of them found life very dull after the ballets and practical jokes at court. There had been that very amusing one, for instance, played on little Marianne (aged seven):

> Marianne having joined the company after dinner, her uncle began teasing her about her lovers, and even suggested she was going to have a baby. Seeing how indignant the child became at the suggestion, he carried the joke farther, and tried to demonstrate to the delighted courtiers that such was indeed the case, while she struggled and screamed with rage. A few days later she awoke to find in her bed a newly born child, and to its piteous wail she joined her own howls of despair and alarm. The Queen apparently lent herself to this dubious joke, for she paid a ceremonious visit to the *accouchée*, and offered to be godmother; the whole Court, according to custom, came to pay its respects. When pressed to tell who was the father of her child, she said: "It can only be the King or the Comte de Guiche, because they are the only men who have kissed me."

But, in spite of all their entreaties, the young ladies were not released until their uncle had successfully married Louis to the Infanta.

But it was at once obvious that the King was still very much in love with Marie, and so she was packed off to Rome to marry Colonna. She was compensated in some degree for her exile by being acknowledged the greatest lady in Rome; and her life was

not too dismal, even though the carnivals and spectacles were vastly inferior to those of Versailles. Colonna, however, proved unfaithful. This was not in itself much to complain about; but it appears that he attempted to get rid of his wife by poisoning her. So Marie wrote to Louis for his protection and fled to France. The rest of her career consisted in the embarrassment her presence caused in France, Savoy, the Low Countries and Spain with its accompaniment of wild escapades and amorous adventures.

She was far from being an historical figure. Hers was a gay, mad-cap life, exciting and often amusing. She was well-read and liberal: and might have had a lasting influence on European politics had she married Louis. Her story has been most sympathetically told in this book, which gives a very good idea of European society in the seventeenth century.

RICHARD STRACHEY.

SHORTER NOTICES

An Introduction to the Study of Prices. By SIR WALTER T. LAYTON and GEOFFREY CROWTHER. 1935. *Macmillan.* 8s. 6d.

Sir Walter Layton's *Introduction to the Study of Prices* has been the standard text-book on its subject for more than twenty years. Shortly after the war, the author reprinted it with an additional chapter and some supplementary statistics, but it has never until now been revised to any great extent. Mr. Crowther has now undertaken its revision in collaboration with the original author, and in general he seems to have done the work well though it is curious that he does not appear to have made use of Professor Silberling's index numbers of wholesale and retail prices for the first half of the nineteenth century. Apart from this, the book, in addition to its merits as a clear presentation of the history of prices over the past hundred years and a broad study of the causes underlying their fluctuation, is an exceedingly handy reference book in that it reprints a number of the most important historical series of index numbers. In its new form it will be indispensable to every serious student of economic statistics.

Triple Challenge. By H. W. BAYLY. *Hutchinson.* 18s.
Ventures and Visions. By G. GARRO JONES. *Hutchinson.* 18s.

These books are autobiographies—and an autobiography has to be very dull to have no interest at all. Dr. Bayly and Mr. Jones are virile writers and both include personal experiences of the war. Dr. Bayly seems to have made a collection of his views under different headings, and then strung them together to form a book. Amidst a great deal of ranting, which must irritate readers of this journal, there is a core of common sense. Mr. Jones is a much more likeable memoirist, and his sensitiveness and style put his book in a different class to Dr. Bayly's. His views on banking will be found entertaining, his war experience exciting (much of it was in the air) and his later life informed and distinguished. This is a book with which few will quarrel.

Two Months' Grace. A Contemporary Odyssey. By PETER STUCLEY. *Selwyn and Blount.* 7s. 6d.

This book is of a less ambitious nature than its title suggests. But as a short account of a peaceful and delightful trip to some of the better-known beauty-spots of the Eastern Mediterranean, as, in fact, an incomplete but animating guide-book, it is pleasantly readable. It is unfortunate that Mr. Stucley's excursion was not more leisurely, or more solitary. His best two chapters are the first and the last, in which he briefly expounds the theory of travel as a search for mental balance gradually transforming itself into nothing better than an escape. But since his journey itself is so superficial—he visits nine countries in as many weeks, and has friends in nearly all of them—on no occasion is he able to develop with sufficient introspection, and for sufficiently long at a time, his original thesis. It remains, however, an entertaining book, and Mr. Stucley, manages by a well-turned phrase to capture the spirit of each of the places he writes about.

F. J. Shepherd, Surgeon: His Life and Times. By WILLIAM BOYMAN HOWELL. *Dent.* 12s. 6d.

Although this biography of the distinguished Canadian surgeon necessarily appeals primarily to the members of his own profession, it has much in it to interest the layman. Born in 1851, and dying in 1929, Francis Shepherd, apart from the great advances in surgery and medicine which he observed and forwarded, was a travelled man, who had distinguished friends both in America and Europe. He was in this country and on the continent in the 'seventies. He saw Lister at work, "clumsy and slow," but getting results; he heard Virchow lecture; he saw Irving in *The Bells*, Ellen Terry in a boy's part at "The Queens," Long Acre, and the Bancrofts in the Robertson plays; and his critical comments on men and matters were always shrewd and entertaining.

The Congress of Vienna. By C. K. WEBSTER. *Bell.* 6s.

Professor Webster's famous Peace Conference handbook has long been out of print and a reissue is overdue, the more so since the original has been selling second-hand for fantastic prices. It has not yet been wholly superseded and to all students the new edition is a genuine boon.

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"THE LITERARY GUIDE."—The book certainly contains a mass of information with which large numbers of people are unfamiliar. It is very comprehensive and frank, and almost every conceivable aspect of sex is dealt with in its six hundred odd pages.

"HEALTH AND STRENGTH."—I have reviewed many books on matters appertaining to SEX within the pages of "Health and Strength" but I have certainly never had any book brought to my notice which I can more heartily recommend than the "Encyclopædia of Sexual Knowledge" . . . It is a book that will last a lifetime. It is a book I would like to see in every home, read by every husband and wife.
They will be getting the FINEST BOOK I HAVE EVER READ ON THE SUBJECT OF SEXUAL HYGIENE. *Thomas Bowen Partington, F.I.L., F.R.E.S.*

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"THE MEDICAL OFFICER."—This monumental book may be recommended not only as a reference book but also for purposes of sex education. There is, besides, a very full index and bibliography for those who want to probe deeper into the sources of scientific research.

● **SPECIAL OFFER**

1 Owing to the unprecedented demand from readers of the "New Statesman" for this informative work, the publishers are continuing to offer the Encyclopædia on "subscriber's terms." The complete 36/- work will therefore be sent under plain cover and post free on receipt of 29/6 only. (If C.O.D. 31/3.)

2 Also obtainable on simple deferred terms on first payment of 8/-. Ask for particulars of instalment terms.

FRANCIS ALDOR

4(N), BUCKNALL ST., NEW OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2

There is added a section originally circulated confidentially among the British delegates with suggestions for the method of making peace, which unfortunately were not acted upon. In the Preface to this edition Professor Webster notes President Wilson's refusal to allow even a reference to be made to the Congress of Vienna. The curt comment is: "Nor, so far as I know, was any introduced—by reference."

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

THE first volume of the Delius Society is in a way more of a specialist's album than any issued by the Sibelius Society. For whereas the Sibelius records are of works essential to our understanding of the composer, the Delius records are of works representing the composer in a transitional phase or in an unaccustomed mood. It was originally the intention of the Society, I believe, to include one of the major choral works in the first album and I still think it a pity that a start could not have been made with *Appalachia* or *A Song of the High Hills*. But once we have got over our initial disappointment at the rather curious selection of pieces (*Paris*, *Eventyr*, fragments from *Koanga* and *Hassan*, and a couple of songs), there is a great deal to enjoy. To start with, the recording is undoubtedly the best I have heard, creating a standard by which all future records will be judged, and this, combined with the extreme excellence of the interpretation and orchestral playing (the L.P.O. under Sir Thomas Beecham), makes the records of *Paris*, for example, the nearest thing to an ideal concert performance that one can get from a mechanical instrument. For once we hear a *tutti* in all its richness and perspective instead of the two-dimensional screen of noise that usually passes for an orchestral climax on the gramophone.

Paris is one of those rare works whose apparently weak points disappear after repeated hearings. At first sight it appears rather sectional and loosely knit—it is only after carefuly listening that one realises the subtle way in which two contrasted sections are linked together by some unobtrusive figure common to both.

In *Paris* Delius makes a greater effort than in his later works to hit a balance between subjective expression and objective presentation and for that reason it may well last better than his more typical compositions. I have said elsewhere, I think, that the composer of *Paris* was potentially the greatest figure of his generation, showing a greater universality of outlook and a more flexible technique than the composer of the *Songs of Sunset*, for example. Quite apart from its intrinsic merit, *Paris* has unusual historical interest. Though certain traits in the orchestration and harmony look back to the older century (the work was finished in 1898) there are many passages whose suppleness and pointillism anticipate the later Debussy of the *Images* and quite outstrip the very modified impressionism of Debussy's Nocturnes (1900). Though it owes little to any other composer, Delius' *Paris* strikes a mean between the apparently irreconcilable attitudes of Strauss and Debussy. It is a pity that it remains as an historical freak without any true successors. *Eventyr*, a late work in which the composer returns rather surprisingly to his more vigorous manner of the nineties, is to my mind far less important. Whereas *Paris* seems a transcript of the composer's own life in which he and the town become merged into one, *Eventyr* ("Once Upon a Time") seems a genre-piece which the composer has chosen to write round some outside idea. The distinction might not be important in some cases but in the case of Delius the more he stands outside his subject the less brightly his inspiration seems to burn. The performance and recording of *Eventyr* (and indeed the rest of the album) are up to the same standard of superlative excellence set by *Paris*. I can only hope that Sir Thomas Beecham, who is artistic director of the society, will follow up this volume with another in which the music throughout will be worthy the extreme care he has evidently expended. Might I suggest *Appalachia* and *The North Country Sketches*?

* * *

Ravel's *Rhapsodie Espagnole*, once a popular show-piece, has rather dropped out of the repertoire recently: I imagine that like most of Ravel's genre-pieces it would wear very thin after repeated hearings, but I must confess that in the records made of it by Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra, it still sounds very refreshing (H.M.V. two 12in. D.B.2367-8). Had I not heard the Delius records just before, I should have described the Ravel recording as first-rate. But in comparison with the Delius album it seems a little muddled, sacrificing clarity to sonority.

Ravel's writing for strings and harps has a curious glitter and if this is at all over-recorded it creates a luminous veil, as it were, between us and the texture of the wind instruments. I have noticed this in other Ravel recordings.

The composer's admirers may jib at the phrase "show-piece." But although Ravel's *Rhapsody* is obviously more important than a work like Rimsky-Korsakoff's *Capriccio Espagnol*, no one, I imagine, would class it with Debussy's *Iberia*. It gives us Ravel in his usual role of the brilliantly accomplished executor of works in the second rank.

Few composers have started life with so complete and original a musical personality and few composers have developed less. The *Habanera* in the *Rhapsodie* was originally written in 1895, twelve years before the rest of the work. Yet the difference in style is quite unnoticeable.

* * *

I can never understand why French recording should remain in such a mediocre condition. There are many quite good French recordings and from the catalogue point of view they are certainly more enterprising than our own firms, yet they have produced no records that can be compared with the best American, English or German.

The *Pastoral Symphony* of Beethoven played by the Colonne orchestra under Paul Paray (Columbia five 12in. in album DX.655-9) is quite a sound piece of work, with some excellent wood-wind and horn playing in the true French tradition, but from the technical point of view it is not in the same class as the records reviewed above. The strings in particular have a very tinny flavour and the contrast between their acidity and the mildness of the music reminds one of eating peas with a knife. CONSTANT LAMBERT

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is made by enthusiastic and skilful people who take a great deal of pride in their work. They know music, and it is for the most perfect reproduction of music that Davey Radio is made. There are no unnecessary gadgets, no "talking points" except the really amazing fidelity of the reproduction to the original. Davey Radio is not expensive. Please come and hear a concert or send for further details.

RECORD SERVICE

A good deal of the correspondence that goes out from our Record Department consists of letters advising customers NOT to buy a certain work—because we know of a better just issued or about to be! This intelligent service, backed with really big stocks of all the good records, does save time and money. And the Monthly Letter criticising all the new issues is really worth reading. Send for a copy free.

HAND-MADE GRAMOPHONES

Just now, while the Mark XB is causing such excitement and customers are changing over, there are some very good bargains in second-hand machines. We should like to sell some of them to "New Statesman" readers! Details available.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 256

Set by Frank Sidgwick

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best Amalgamated Version (or Versified Amalgam) of "Excelsior" and "Casabianca," for which forty lines should suffice. The following verse, which is NOT to be used by any amalgamator of Henry Felicia Wadsworth Dorothea

His Lordship's Pleasure

There are all kinds of suits. We are told that a vegetarian sued his wife for divorce because he caught her surreptitiously enjoying a juicy beef steak. There is also a Hollywood story of a wife suing her husband because he would insist upon calling his dog by his wife's name.

Every day we scan the papers expecting to read something like this :

> The petitioner, who was fashionably yet quietly dressed in so-and-so, said that her husband's coat-collars made him look ridiculous. She knew that her husband's shoulders were slightly abnormally shaped, but why should he allow his tailor to emphasise the defect? If his Lordship would permit her to mention the matter, her husband's trousers always seemed either too long or too short, too tight or too loose. Petitioner told how her life had been one long embarrassment because her husband would not go to a good tailor. Now if he had only taken her advice and gone to a tailor she had often recommended, she felt sure all would have been well.
>
> At which the learned judge requested that the name of the recommended tailor be written down and passed to him, adding that this seemed a case of buying a suit to save a suit! (The laughter in court was quickly suppressed.)
>
> Looking at the slip of paper, his Lordship evinced surprise and pleasure. Before an astonished court he quietly raised his robes a little, displaying the lower portions of an immaculately creased pair of trousers. "These were made by G— — —," he said. Glancing first at the petitioner, then at the respondent, he asked: "Need this case go on?"
>
> All of which was a little irregular, but very human, for husband and wife left the court smiling happily, and our reporter overheard them asking the taxi-driver to take them at once to Newgate Street.

* * *

February is notoriously a "slow" month for tailors and whilst you will not get a better Goss suit this month than next, it would help to solve our little problem of keeping our sewing tailors fully occupied, also it would relieve pressure later in the spring, if you could conveniently place your orders now. Thanks.

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From a Queensland Clergyman

OUT of sheer goodwill this Queensland Clergyman has found the time, in a hard and busy life, to send this wonderful "Thank you" to us, as the makers of Barneys——from 12,000 miles away!

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Longfellow-Hemans, is supplied only as a suggestive warning of the difficulties to be overcome :

The flames of night were rising fast,
As o'er the deck a youth there passed
Who, left alone among the dead,
A banner bore which strangely said
" Excelsabianca."

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, February 15.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 254

Set by Sylvia Lynd

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for :

A Commination or Denouncing on the lines of " Cursed is he who removeth his neighbour's land-mark," of ten notable pests of modern times.

Report by Sylvia Lynd

There appears to be an agreed basis for a modern Commination Service. To judge by this competition, motorists easily hold first place in the public abhorrence, receiving out of an aggregate of fifty-two entries, fifty-two curses, or a hundred per cent. Pedestrians, ribbon-developers, loud speakers, hawkers, book-borrowers and dogs follow them closely ; but since these last two have pursued their respective habits from time immemorial, they are scarcely in place among the pests of our own day. Probably a better commination could be made from a mixture of several of the entries, than is to be found in any one of them. It would include " he that saith, Lord I must go, and goeth not," and " vendors of cleaners, stockings and all manner of brushes, all water-softening persons and charity ticket merchants," contributed by Mr. Walkden, a list of pedlars which indicates that everyone has now been sold a vacuum-cleaner and got it over. It would also include Mr. James Hall's : " Cursed is the pedestrian who hesitates : He shall encounter the motorist who hesitates not." I have a good deal of liking too, for Mr. T. E. Casson's simple and sweeping way with the whole of modern invention :

A COMMINATION

1. Cursed be he that invented the motor car.
2. Cursed be he that invented wireless telegraphy.
3. Cursed be he that invented the telephone.
4. Cursed be he that invented central heating.
5. Cursed be he that invented lifts.
6. Cursed be he that invented aeroplanes.
7. Cursed be he that invented motor-tractors, self-binders and all mechanical appliances for agriculture in that sort.
8. Cursed be he that invented body-line bowling.
9. Cursed be he that first tarred roads.
10. Cursed be he that discovered electricity and all its enormities.

T. E. CASSON

I divide the first prize, however, between Redling and Allan M. Laing, though each of them ends a little tamely ; and the second prize I give to C. E. J. Capern, in the hope that his commination may be immediately adopted.

FIRST PRIZE (1)

1. Cursed be he that setteth a tin roof in the midst of beauty.
2. Cursed be he that buildeth beside the by-pass.
3. Cursed be he that shutteth out his brother from the mountains and high places.
4. Cursed be he that driveth furiously among the houses.
5. Cursed be he that loitereth over the crossing-place.
6. Cursed be he that weareth a shirt except that he weareth it for warmth.
7. Cursed be he that applaudeth only that which is new.
8. Cursed be he that applaudeth only that which is old.
9. Cursed be he that applaudeth nothing whatsoever.
10. Cursed be he that inventeth competitions, for he setteth men to striving and love of gain.

REDLING

FIRST PRIZE (2)

CURSED BE HE that weareth a neckcloth of strange colours that he be known of all men as one of those and such as those.

CURSED BE HE that setteth up a portable gramophone in green pastures or on the waters of peace or upon the sands of the sea.

CURSED BE HE that buildeth a bungalow in the dwelling-place of beauty.

CURSED BE HE that asketh to smoke where it is written : Here shall ye not smoke.

CURSED BE HE that cutteth in and he that holdeth the crown of the way at twenty.

CURSED BE HE that restlessly seeketh after foreign stations and polluteth the air with howlings.

CURSED BE HE that holdeth an inquest after bridge, yes, verily, trumps shall fail him unto everlasting.

CURSED BE HE that readeth in a loud voice that which is written in *Punch*, when no man willeth to hear him.

CURSED BE SHE that maketh crimson her lips at meat, yea, she that powdereth her countenance in the place where men sup.

CURSED BE SHE that goeth about like unto an ancient mariner, telling her dreams.

ALLAN M. LAING

SECOND PRIZE

A COMMINATION AGAINST MOTORISTS

Brethren . . . until the Death Roll be diminished (which is much to be wished), it is thought good that from time to time should be read general sentences of cursing against unrepentant motorists and that ye should answer to every sentence : " Amen " : to the earnest that being admonished ye may urge them to true repentance and may yourselves walk more warily in these dangerous days, fleeing from such motorists for whom ye affirm with your own mouths, the curse to be due.

Cursed is he that curseth the Minister of Transport.
Cursed is he that ignoreth Pedestrian Crossings.
Cursed is he that crusheth a Pedal Cyclist.
Cursed is he that oversteppeth the White Line.
Cursed is he that exceedeth the 30-mile Speed Limit.
Cursed is he that maketh night hideous with Hooting.
Cursed is he that dimmeth not his Headlights.
Cursed is he that befouleth the air with petrol fumes.
Cursed is he that overtaketh his neighbours on a bend or at the Cross Roads, or faileth to make a proper signal.

Cursed are all Motor Car Stealers, Beacon Smashers, Untidy Parkers, Drunkards, Garage Proprietors, Speed Hogs and Evaders of the Road Traffic Act, 1930.

C. E. J. CAPERN

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 111.—SUBURBS

Five of the fellows at my club are named, respectively, Surbiton, Ealing, Tottenham, Richmond and Blackheath. Each of them, curiously, lives in a suburb which is a namesake of one of the others. Each of them, moreover, *works* in a second suburb which is also a namesake of one of the others. No two of them either live or work in the same suburb.

I was anxious, the other day, to find out who works at Ealing. I was only able, however, to elicit the following facts :

(1) The gentleman who lives at Surbiton works at Richmond.

(2) The Blackheath resident works in the suburb which is the namesake of the Surbiton resident.

(3) Mr. Richmond works at Blackheath.

(4) Mr. Ealing works in the suburb which is the namesake of the Blackheath resident.

Who works at Ealing ?

PROBLEM 109.—THE MAD PROFESSOR

Quite a number of solvers have missed the point of this problem, viz., that since the Earnest Student " never makes a mistake in arithmetic" there must be *at least three* combinations of daughters' ages which, multiplied together, produce 1,200, and, added together, give the same total.

By trial, it will be found that this can only occur where there are *three* daughters, their possible ages being :

4	15	20
5	10	24
6	8	25

And hence the Mad Professor's wife is 49.

PROBLEM 108.—GOLF AT BUNKERED-BY-HECK

A set of Low's Cartoons goes to : J. G. Stubbs, 69 Dawlish Avenue, Palmers Green, N. 13. There were twelve correct solutions.

Ten points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope ; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

CALIBAN

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The Association numbers many well-known men and women among its Vice-Presidents and members, but it needs greater financial support to do its work on a scale adequate to the need. Join at once and subscribe as generously as you can!

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(President: Viscount CECIL, P.C.)

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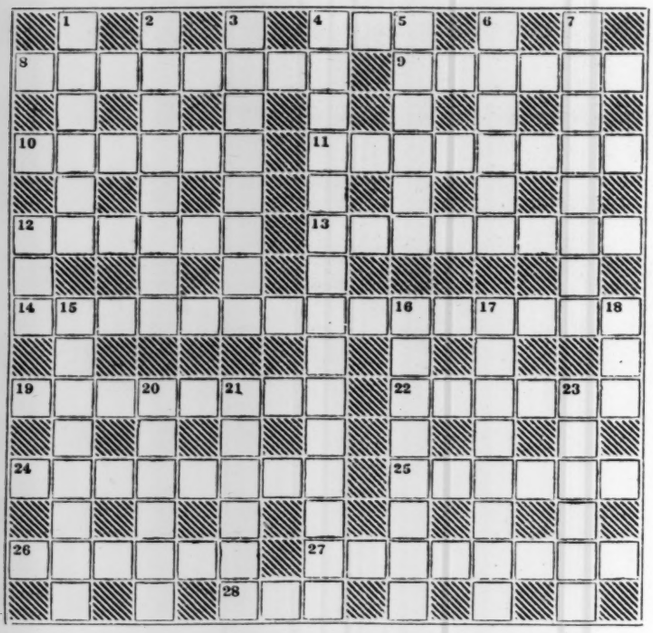
WEEK-END CROSSWORD 257

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Miss Hartley, Dunnow Hall, Newton in Bowland, Yorkshire

ACROSS

4. This pair prepares for a row.
8. Hit and run in careless fashion.
9. King Arthur last went there.
10. Lowdown workers.
11. Time when churchyards yawn.
12. "Early" Saxon.
13. Gilbert's point.
14. Tempts one to go to the dogs.
19. Irish mischief.
22. If you stir your stumps this will not be the verdict.
24. He should surely be safely deposited in a pond.
25. How to sing a martial song?
26. What Lady Macbeth heard the owl do.
27. So changeable a person would not be popular with his tailor.
28. Both 19 and 25 contain it.

DOWN

1. A colourless creature.
2. One should hurry over this course.
3. Married a young Daniel.
4. Anne Catherick's novel title.
5. Suggests a well beaten cricketer.
6. Feline fodder in the East.
7. Some people construct it of a small earthwork.
12. Anciently such a thing walked delicately.
15. One of the things the Chevalier Bayard lacked.
16. On your own head be it if you press the bell, despised creature.
17. A blinding fall.
18. Should be hit when tarred.
20. What Northumberland was to "the mounting Bolingbroke."
21. There's a game in this puzzle.
23. Empty the chamber.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

M	O	H	O	C	K	S	■	C	O	R	Y	D	O	N
E	■	E	■	R	■	T	■	S	■	E	■	I	■	I
D	A	B	■	A	R	A	B	I	A	F	E	L	I	X
I	■	R	■	N	■	N	■	■	■	L	■	E	■	■
C	H	A	R	M	E	D	L	I	F	E	■	M	P	H
I	■	I	■	E	■	A	■	M	■	C	■	M	■	O
N	A	C	A	R	A	T	■	P	A	T	B	A	L	L
E	■	■	■	■	E	■	O	■	■	■	■	I	■	■
M	O	R	G	A	N	A	■	S	I	N	D	B	A	D
A	■	I	■	S	■	S	■	I	■	A	■	E	■	A
N	O	D	■	P	R	E	T	T	Y	P	E	N	N	Y
■	■	D	■	E	■	■	■	I	■	H	■	G	■	T
C	O	L	D	C	O	M	F	O	R	T	■	A	G	A
A	■	E	■	T	■	A	■	N	■	H	■	L	■	S
M	O	D	I	S	T	E	■	S	E	A	S	I	C	K

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THE EARL OF HARROWBY, Honorary Treasurer. LT.-COL. C. R. SATTERTHWAITE, O.B.E., Secretary.

FROM time to time the NEW STATESMAN wearies at least one reader with its self-righteous tone, but then there comes along something like this Stalin-Wells discussion, and one realises at once that, despite everything, every intelligent person simply has to read it every week.
This conversation between Stalin and Wells and the comments by Shaw, Keynes and Toller, make one of the most vital and exciting pamphlets that have been published for a very long time. Low's drawings, which are entirely beyond criticism, contribute to make this a wonderful shilling's-worth which every civilised person must buy, not borrow. There is a lot more here besides sprightly talk; the underlying philosophy of progressive politics is in question. The difference revealed between the two habits of thought represented by Stalin-Shaw and Wells-Keynes is probably a matter of temperament and is perhaps unbridgeable. To very many of us the sole hope for the future lies in the Wells-Keynes outlook; we are with the "scientists" in this "difference between the clergy and the scientists," as Keynes so admirably puts it. For there is really no choice save that between the liberal attitude (in the true sense of the term), and the authoritarian attitude. There should be no shadow of doubt as to where the Labour Movement stands, whatever party labels the protagonists in this controversy may attach to themselves.

From the February issue of LABOUR

STALIN-WELLS TALK

With Discussion by SHAW, WELLS, KEYNES, TOLLER, and others; three Caricatures and Cover Design by LOW. 48 pp. ONE SHILLING

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

CHECK TO FALL IN LONG-TERM INTEREST RATE—BOOTS—WOOLWORTH AND MARKS AND SPENCER—TELEVISION AND BAIRDS

WITH a general election ahead and with monetary policy uncertain, the *natural* fall in the long-term rate of interest in this country seems to have reached its limit (emphasis on " natural "). Short-term rates may possibly fall further—the last Treasury Bill allotment averaged 4/2.13*d*. per cent., which is only slightly above the low level of 3/10.9*d*. per cent.—but this will not induce investors to accept 2¾ per cent. on long-term gilt-edged loans if the risk factor is to increase. Underwriters have had to take up over £16 millions (nominal) of the £35 millions worth of gilt-edged issues in the last few weeks. The 2¾ per cent. stock seems to be particularly unpopular. The London County Council could only induce holders of £2¾ millions out of £10 millions to convert from 3½ per cent. into 2¾ per cent. stock. Underwriters of the £1,200,000 Hull Corporation 2¾ per cent. issue had to take up 77 per cent. Perhaps investors are now beginning to realise that a risk premium should enter into the rate of interest and that 2¾ per cent. does not allow sufficiently for the risk of investing capital in an unstable economic and political system. The National Government will not last for ever and, even if it is returned at the next election, it is no certainty that Great Britain will stay permanently off the gold standard. The conservative investor is therefore beginning to consider whether it would not be prudent to sell his British Government securities and leave his money on deposit either with a Building Society or at the bank.

* * *

The Building Society offers him a higher yield (from 2¾ per cent. to 3 per cent. tax free). Even the difference between the income on long-term gilt-edged stocks and on money deposited, say, with a country bank is not, after all, very serious. A fall in capital values in the gilt-edged market would be much more serious to the investor than a slight reduction in income for a year. For these reasons I believe that the natural fall in the long-term rate of interest has reached its limit under present conditions of life in this country. But I do not suggest that the fall has gone far enough if a million or more unemployed are to be absorbed in industry. The Government would be justified in manipulating the gilt-edged market so as to push the long-term rate of interest down below its natural limit, if it felt that more men would be put to work in house-building and public works with the rate for gilt-edged borrowers at 2½ per cent. Some observers in the City argue that the Treasury has lost its chance, but others, pointing to the accumulation of gilt-edged issues in the last month, believe that the Government has a conversion scheme up its sleeve for February. Personally, I think that the Government could bring the long-term rate down to 2½ per cent., if it had the will and the courage. But it must act quickly.

* * *

The *Investors' Chronicle* is to be congratulated upon searching in the files of Somerset House to find out the " real " earnings of Boots Pure Drug, but I do not believe that it has succeeded. The profits of the chemists shops cannot be as low as the analysis suggests. The revenues of the parent Boots are derived mainly from the manufacture of medicines, chemicals, and the miscellaneous things used in making the body clean and the face of women beautiful. These are manufacturers' or wholesalers' profits but a further profit is made by retailing Boots' and other products in the Boots chemists shops, of which there are about one thousand. The shops are not owned directly by Boots the parent, but are controlled through five subsidiaries—Southern, Western, Eastern, Northern and Lancashire. In 1933 the five subsidiaries disclosed profits for the equity capital of £173,000 and declared dividends of £36,000. The *Investors' Chronicle* rightly points out that, adding the retained " free " earnings of the five subsidiaries to the net earnings of the parent, Boots Pure Drug earnings amount to about 56 per cent.—or nearly double the dividends paid of 30.45 per cent. gross—24 per cent. plus 5 per cent. tax free—so that the 5*s*. shares at 48*s*. 6*d*. to yield 5¾ per cent. on earnings are not unreasonably valued. But are we to believe that the average Boots chemist shop only makes a profit of £173 per annum? The *Investors' Chronicle* suggests that the profits must be arrived at in a very " conservative " manner and that the subsidiaries are really devoting the bulk of their earnings to expanding the chain of shops. So we are just as ignorant as before of the real profits of Boots Pure Drug.

* * *

Let us compare the profits of Woolworths and Marks and Spencer (the first for the year ending December last, and the second for the year ending March, 1934). Woolworths have 608 shops at present and Marks and Spencer 197. The net trading profits, after deducting depreciation, all prior charges and preference dividends, work out at £5,855 per shop in the case of Woolworths and £3,500 per shop in the case of Marks and Spencer. These seem reasonable figures. Unfortunately the market makes an unreasonable valuation out of them. Woolworths " equity " share capital at present prices is valued at about £82½ millions, and that of Marks and Spencer at about £25¾ millions. Deducting the net tangible assets available for the equity shares, this is equivalent to a market valuation of " goodwill " of £73 millions in the case of Woolworths and of £23.7 millions in the case of Marks and Spencer. Expressing it per shop, the market values Woolworths' " goodwill " at £120,000 per shop, or 20½ times average net trading profits per shop, and the Marks and Spencer goodwill at £120,300 per shop, or 34 times average net trading profits per shop. At present prices, investors should therefore prefer Woolworths. For two years running Woolworths have paid dividends of 80 per cent., earnings amounting to 112.8 per cent. and 122.5 per cent. respectively. When the American Woolworths feel more disposed to transfer sterling into dollars an increase in the British Woolworth dividend will no doubt be seen. Marks and Spencer last year earned 81.8 per cent. and paid 35 per cent. with a bonus of 10 per cent. in A shares. (Some Fixed Trusts regard this capital bonus of 10 per cent. curiously as income). Having regard to the market overvaluation of Marks and Spencer " goodwill," caution is advisable:

	Present Price.	Last Financ. Year. % Earned.	% Paid.	Yield % on Earnings.	Yield % on Dividends.
Woolworths 5/- ..	110/-	122.5	80	£5 11 3	£3 12 9
Marks and Spencer 5/-	100/-	81.8	35*	4 1 9	1 15 0

*plus 12½% capital bonus

* * *

The report of the Television Committee has been followed by a remarkable rise in the prices of Baird Television shares. In a few days the market capitalisation of the company was raised by £1.3 millions to £2¼ millions, as the following table indicates:

	Amt. Issued.	Price Jan. 31, 1935.	Price Feb. 5	Market Capitalisation.
Baird Television A ordinary 5/-	£50,000	31/-	80/-	£800,000
" " 10% pref. ord. 5/-	525,000	3/10½	7/-	£735,000
" " def. ord. 5/- ..	300,000	4/-	12/-	£720,000
	£875,000			£2,255,000

The A ordinary shares are entitled to one-half distributed profits, the preferred ordinary to 10 per cent. (non-cumulative) and to 40 per cent. of remaining profits, the balance going to the deferred. The market prices are therefore out of balance as well as being inflated all round.

It is obvious that the " market " has either been too lazy to read the Television Committee's report, or has failed to understand it. The Committee recommended that the B.B.C. should make a start on television by setting up one transmitting station operating alternately on two systems—the Baird Television and Marconi-E.M.I. Television. But there are two other systems in the field—Cossor and Scophony—and the B.B.C. is not prevented from experimenting with these systems, when the Baird and the Marconi-E.M.I. have had a trial. It is much too early to say which system will be adopted. Nor is it suggested that only the company which has installed the transmitter can manufacture the receiving sets. Baird transmission does not prevent the use of receiving sets of some other system. The domestic " receiver " market is open to all television companies. Clearly, it was premature to stage a boom in Baird Television shares. A market capitalisation of over £2,000,000 for any television company at this point is fantastic. The safest way of participating in the television industry, which no doubt has wonderful possibilities, is by a purchase of Electric and Musical Industries (E.M.I.) 10*s*. shares at 34*s*. 6*d*., on which an interim dividend is shortly expected. The radio-gramophone will remain a dividend-paying business whatever happens to television. It may be years before television becomes a paying commercial proposition.

Company Meeting

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK LIMITED

THE Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of the National Provincial Bank Limited was held in London on Thursday, January 31st, Mr. Colin Frederick Campbell, Chairman, presiding. After referring to the retiral of Sir Harry Goschen, he said (in part):

The deposits of the Bank show an increase of about £9,000,000 compared with the amount of the previous year, a figure rather in excess of the average for the period. The total of our Bills at £39,571,000 shows a reduction of £8,596,000 compared with a year ago. The Investments of the Bank show an increase of about £13,000,000 at the figure of £91,426,898, which figure is substantially lower than their market value. Advances show an increase of £1,581,077 at £113,398,472, the percentage of advances to deposits being 38 compared with 38.6 for the previous year. The turnover of the Country Section of the Bankers' Clearing House in the year 1933 had shown an increase of 4 per cent. over 1932; I am now glad to say that 1934 has shown an increase of 7.8 per cent. over 1933, and of this improvement we have enjoyed our full share. The returns of the Provincial Clearing Houses recorded an increase of slightly over 4 per cent. compared with 1933. These factors have contributed to the small improvement which we are able to disclose in the profit statement and there is an increase of £40,000 in the net profits of the Bank. We are maintaining our dividend of 15 per cent., and after allocating £100,000 to Premises Account and £100,000 to Pension Fund, we are carrying forward £878,881, an increase of £21,848.

A year ago I concluded my speech to you by saying that the second century of our Bank had opened under auspices that were obscured by difficulties abroad, but brightened by greater confidence in our own country. This confidence has been fully justified by the events of 1934, and it is gratifying to note that British statesmanship has played an important part in creating a more favourable political atmosphere abroad. Nevertheless, we have to recognise that we have still a long way to go before we can hope for the restoration of international confidence and co-operation, without which there can be no genuine recovery in world trade and world prosperity.

When we look more closely at the progress of several key industries, we find that rapid steps towards recovery have been made in the iron and steel trades. Coal mining has fared better, but the exports of coal show a very small increase. Shipbuilding has, to some extent, shared in the general improvement. Very little progress has been made in the Lancashire cotton industry. While there was some increase of activity in the early part of the year, the later months showed a relapse. Wool prices have fallen during the year, but the outlook to-day is better than it has been during past months. Farmers have experienced a reasonably good year. The unusually dry weather favoured the wheat crop, which was exceptionally large.

These evidences of recovery at home, and of confidence in its continuance, are highly encouraging.

The Chairman then reviewed the position abroad, dealing with the United States of America, Germany, Italy and the Dominions. Continuing, he said:

I am glad to record that whilst the figures of unemployment were still deplorable at the end of the year, there was a reduction of 176,000 compared with December, 1933. The whole subject of unemployment is one that we are all agreed cannot be left where it is, and I am sure we shall not look in vain for a lead from those in authority in promoting further measures to secure employment for an increasing number of men and women.

The business of this country, built up on a basis of export activity and international trade and financing, cannot expect a full return to prosperity under present conditions. Trade barriers imposed by every nation and the almost complete cessation of international movements of capital inflict a condition of paralysis upon important parts of our economic machinery. The history of the pre-war period shows clearly how closely the activity of our export industries was connected with the oversea movement of our capital; and it is too often overlooked that the cessation of this movement is a cause of depression and unemployment. Solvent borrowers abroad are so difficult to find in these times, that restrictions on foreign lending seem almost unnecessary; but though some restrictions may be required in the interests of the stability of sterling, it is to be hoped that at least some relaxation of these restrictions may be permitted before long in the case of such suitable borrowers as may be forthcoming.

The comparative stability of sterling has undoubtedly been of great benefit to us and to our customers, and the trade of the countries of the sterling area has shown a satisfactory increase at a time when international trade elsewhere had a tendency to shrink. As to the possibility of the restoration of a common international standard, we shall have to wait, apparently, until a change in price levels brings the franc and the dollar into harmony. At present the pound, balanced between them, retains its power to move in either direction, a power that it would lose by stabilisation. For this reason it is essential that stabilisation should only be decided on under conditions that rule out all reasonable chances for regretting it.

With these uncertainties and obstacles to recovery abroad, there is all the more reason why everything possible should be done to stimulate the expansion, that has already made such good progress, of activity in the home market. This, surely, can be done most profitably by measures which will benefit our population and give the rising generation a better chance of growing up healthy and well-educated, sound in body and mind. I know you will agree with me in hoping that the schemes of slum clearance, already begun, and those for the prevention of overcrowding just announced, will be pressed forward with the greatest vigour by the local authorities, and we also welcome the measures adopted for helping the distressed areas. With money and materials cheap and labour abundant, there is a great opportunity to improve the conditions existing both in the towns and villages, which would directly enhance the well-being and prosperity of our country.

It is true that such expenditure may lead to an increase in imports due to payment for materials which are not available in this country, which in turn might have some adverse effect on our sterling exchange, but against this eventuality can be placed the fact that the purchasing power of those from whom we buy would be increased and international trade thereby encouraged.

It is possible that some of you may be looking to me to say something concerning the attack on the Banks which has become a feature in recent political speeches in certain quarters.

I hold the view that matters of political controversy should, generally speaking, be avoided when addressing you at these Annual Meetings, but I can say without fear of contradiction that British Banking is the product of evolution and progress based on the experience gained in the course of some centuries by men whose lives have been devoted to it. It has not only retained unimpaired the confidence of our own people, but is, in addition, the envy of the whole world. During the recent years of crisis, when Banks in other countries were shaken and in many cases overwhelmed, the position of British Banks was never called in question, and even the upheaval in 1931 left the system unscathed. Surely, any interference with a system that has proved so worthy is a matter for most careful consideration, and I doubt whether it is appreciated how great a shock could be given to the prosperity of this country by any rash experiments with this well-tried system.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

THE
LIBERAL MAGAZINE

Edited by HAROLD STOREY

FEBRUARY NUMBER

Mr. Lloyd George's Campaign

The Lesson of the Saar Police
By Geoffrey Le M. Mander, M.P.

Government of India Bill

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Agricultural Unemployment Insurance

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COMEDY. Ten Minute Alibi. Wed., Sat.

DRURY LANE. Cinderella. Daily at 2.0.

DUCHESS. Feb. 13.
The Moon in the Yellow River.

DUKE of YORK'S. Ballet Rambert. W., S.

HIPPODROME. Yes, Madam ? Th. & Sat.

KINGSWAY. Murder in Motley. Wed. & Sat.

LYRIC. Theatre Royal. Wed. & Sat.

PHOENIX. Mary Read. Thurs., Sat.

PICCADILLY. Wednesday & Saturday.
The Barretts of Wimpole Street.

SAVOY. Hi-Diddle Diddle ! Wed., Sat.

ST. JAMES'. The Shining Hour. Wed., Thur.

S. MARTIN'S. Wind & the Rain. Tues., Fri.

SHAFTESBURY. The Dominant Sex. Th., S.

WESTMINSTER. The Convict. Weds. & Sats.

WHITEHALL. Viceroy Sarah. Sat., Feb. 16.

WYNDHAM'S. Sweet Aloes. Wed. & Sat.

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BALLET RAMBERT.
Repertory of 22 Ballets.—Four Nightly.

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APOLLO. (Ger. 2663). 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
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Evening at 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
THE MOON IN THE YELLOW RIVER,
by Denis Johnston.

HIPPODROME. 8.15. Thur., Sat., 2.30. (Ger. 3272).
BOBBY HOWES & BINNIE HALE in
"YES, MADAM ?"
Vera Pearce, Wylie Watson, Bertha Belmore.

KINGSWAY. (Hol. 4032).
EVGS., 8.30. MATS., WED. & SAT., 2.30.
ENID STAMP-TAYLOR, BERNARD LEE in
MURDER IN MOTLEY.

LYRIC. Ger. 3686-7. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
MARIE TEMPEST, MADGE TITHERADGE, ROBERT DOUGLAS.
in **THEATRE ROYAL.** Produced by Noel Coward.

PHOENIX. 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30. Tem. 8611.
FLORA ROBSON in
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WYNDHAM'S. Temple Bar 3028.
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DIANA WYNYARD in
SWEET ALOES, by Jay Mallory.

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Sun., 17th, CLAIR'S *LES DEUX TIMIDES* (U).
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DANCE

SOCIALIST LEAGUE DANCE at the SUFFOLK GALLERIES, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, near Trafalgar Square, on February 16th. Dress comfortably, 7.30 p.m. to 12.30 p.m. Admission 2s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS

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Evenings 8. Sat., 5 & 8.15.
The Rivals. By Sheridan.

HARROGATE White Rose Players.
Evenings 8.15. Sat., 6.35 & 9.
Michael and Mary. By A. A. Milne.

LIVERPOOL Repertory.
Evenings 7.45. Mat., Sat., 2.30.
Biography. By S. N. Behrman.

MANCHESTER Repertory.
Evenings 7.30.
Draw the Fires. By Ernst Toller.

NORTHAMPTON Repertory.
Evenings 6.30 & 8.50.
Line Engaged. By Jack de Leon and Jack Celestin.

PLYMOUTH Repertory.
Evenings 7.45. Fri., 8.15. Mat., Sat., 2.45.
Nell Gwynne. By H. Raynor.

The Repertory Theatres whose announcements appear above are members of the Association of Repertory Theatres. *For information concerning Theatres belonging to this Association, or qualified to belong to it, apply to the Honorary Secretary, Bache Matthews, 7 Tavistock Place, London, W.C.1.*

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

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The Senate invite applications for the University Chair of Classics tenable at Birkbeck College. Salary £1,000 a year. Applications (12 copies) must be received not later than first post on February 19th, 1935, by the ACADEMIC REGISTRAR, University of London, S.W.7, from whom further particulars should be obtained.

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS

LECTURES FOR PROGRESSIVES at CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, W.C.2. Thursday, February 14th, at 8 p.m.: GERALD HEARD on "THE TECHNIQUE OF PERSUASION." Chairman: C. E. M. Joad. *Admission Free.*
Wednesday, February 27th, at 8 p.m.: BARBARA WOOTTON on "CLASS, PROPERTY AND ECONOMIC PLANNING." Chairman: Alan Young.
Monday, March 11th, at 8 p.m.: LORD ALLEN OF HURTWOOD on "THE POLITICS OF PROGRESS IN 1935." Chairman: Gerald Heard.
Monday, March 25th, at 8 p.m.: C. E. M. JOAD on "PATRIOTISM TO-DAY." Chairman: Professor J. C. Flugel.
Monday, April 8th, at 8 p.m.: "A SYMPOSIUM ON SEX REFORM." Speakers: A. A. BURALL, STELLA BROWNE, AYLMER ROSE, and another.
Tickets: Members, 6d. Non-Members, 1s. per Lecture. Apply to THE SECRETARY, Federation of Progressive Societies, 7 New Square, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.2. Or at Door.

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.—Sunday, Feb. 10th, at 11 a.m.: J. L. GRAY, M.A., "ABILITY AND OPPORTUNITY IN ENGLISH EDUCATION." 6.30 p.m., Concert of Chamber Music.
Tuesday, Feb. 12th at 7 p.m.; MRS. JANET CHANCE, "FIVE YEARS IN A SEX EDUCATION CENTRE." Admission Free. Visitors welcome.

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Feb. 28th. "Astronomical Time." By R. A. SAMPSON, F.R.S., M.A.
Mar. 7th. "Time and Entropy." By SIR ARTHUR EDDINGTON, F.R.S., M.A.
Mar. 14th. "Time as a Metaphysical Problem." By PROFESSOR C. D. BROAD, F.B.A., M.A., Litt.D.
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„ 24th. C. H. BURWOOD, late R.N.: "Protecting the Fire Fighter."
Mar. 3rd. ROBERT ANNAN, M.Inst.M.M.: "Metal Mining." (Lantern Slides.)
No Tickets are required, but a Collection will be taken.

THE OUTLOOK IN EUROPE. Lectures by DR. G. P. GOOCH in the Kensington Town Hall, Tuesdays, Feb. 12th and 19th, at 5.30. Tickets 1s. each, from MRS. WARR, 21 Edwardes Square, W.8.

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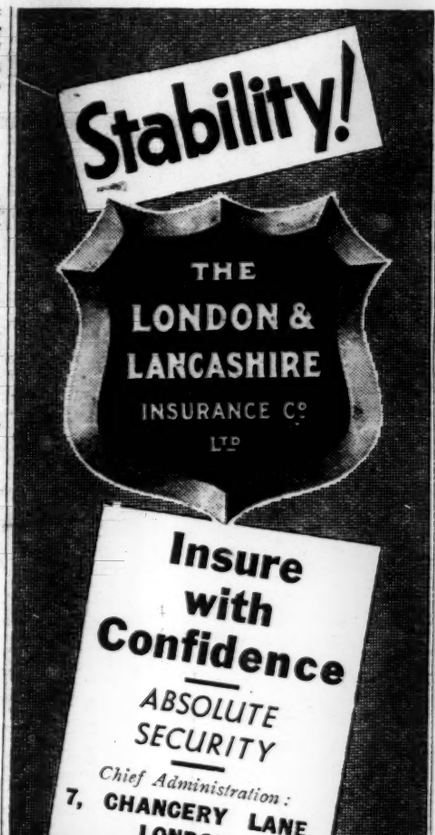

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